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FRANCE AND SPAIN.

INTERVIEWS among reigning Sovereigns have lately been so frequent that no especial interest is attached to the meetings between the Emperor of the FRENCH and the Queen of SPAIN at San Sebastian and Biarritz. In former times, similar conjunctions boded little good to Spain, but the daughter of FERDINAND VII. has probably forgotten her father's visit to Bayonne. NAPOLEON III. would be too wise to risk his Empire in the attempt to plunder a neighbour, even if the Pyrenees had for the third time become invisible to the eye of French ambition. Notwithstanding the exceptional case of Schleswig and Holstein, it may be hoped that wars of conquest have become obsolete in Europe. The Spaniards, like other Continental races, admire and imitate the French, but, in case of need, they would unanimously resist aggression. Although their country is still far from resuming its ancient equality with France, the people have reason to be satisfied with the progress of the last twenty years, and the QUEEN may console herself for inferiority in material power by the reflection that the BOURBONS are older than the BONAPARTES. The capricious sentiment which is called loyalty seems to have attached itself in Spain to the accidental representative of a Liberal revolution. Neither personal merit nor hereditary right is absolutely indispensable to the actual wearer of a crown. An imaginative population respects a living symbol of national unity, nor is the illusion easily disturbed by any political inconsistency. Having divided the Church lands, Spaniards are tolerant of a Court where the influence of miraculous nuns alternates with the negation of ascetic virtues. Occasional collisions between Royal practice and constitutional right have proved that Parliamentary government is imperfectly acclimatized in Spain, but the old system of absolute monarchy will never be revived. In her infancy the QUEEN possessed the inestimable quality of not being the undoubted heiress of the throne, and consequently she derives her title in part from the popular will. The dynasty has, like a telegraphic cable, been broken and spliced; and while it owes its existing continuity to mechanical interference, it is still supposed to retain and transmit the current of Royal succession. Court scandals are perfectly compatible with Spanish traditions, but politicians, and in some instances statesmen, have taken the place of the all-powerful favourites of the eighteenth century. NARVAEZ, with all his faults, is better than GODOY, and it would be an insult to compare O'DONNELL with FARINELLI. Although the KING CONSORT may perhaps be personally on a level with PHILIP VI. or CHARLES IV., individual imbecility is no longer permitted to produce misgovernment or anarchy.

The claim of the French EMPEROR to the chieftaincy of the Latin race would be disputed by patriotic Spaniards or Italians, but it is true that the most vigorous and versatile of the three great Southern nations has imposed its opinions and customs on all countries in which Romance dialects are spoken. As neither Spain nor Italy possesses a living literature, French novels and histories provide the population with occasionally apocryphal versions of events, and with still more questionable morality. An Intendente, or a Captain-General, is a mere translation of a Prefect, and the police arrangements of the different States vary only in degrees of efficiency. Italy, indeed, far surpasses its model in the reality of its Parliamentary institutions, and perhaps even in soundness of political instinct. It is probable that in Spain also representative government will thrive better than in France, especially as the Royal prerogative is administered with less ability and resolution. For the present, however, French or Continental traditions are supreme, and the predominance of military aptitude over civil qualities is habitually taken for granted. Two or three years ago, a Junta or Committee, appointed for the purpose, gravely recommended a scheme of education for the heir of the

Crown in which the drill-sergeant and the tactical instructor occupied a principal place. It was not forgotten that the little PRINCE IMPERIAL of France is a corporal, and that he is supposed to associate on terms of condescending equality with other mimic soldiers of his age. One of the triumphs achieved by NAPOLEON III. consists in his success in superseding the Emperor NICHOLAS as the popular type of a military ruler. It is easier to imitate the parades of the Parisian Field of Mars than to relieve a nation by beneficent constraint from the fetters of Protectionist policy. Under an able ruler Spain would have been more prosperous and more powerful than at present, but perhaps improvement may be more durable when it has resulted from the slow progress of popular intelligence. The subjects of the QUEEN of SPAIN have discovered for themselves that railways are useful, and that the land is enriched by industry. In time they may perhaps advance to the conception of religious tolerance, and it is even possible that they may learn to regard financial solvency as not irreconcilable with national honour. The example of France might convey much valuable instruction, if practical utility were as attractive as ostentatious power or martial splendour.

The latest political act of the Spanish Government is at the same time a proof of increased liberality and a compliment to France. The recognition of the Kingdom of Italy, though it involved no consequences of immediate importance, is an admission on the part of Spain that temporal affairs are no longer to be regulated on ecclesiastical grounds. The Ministry deserved credit for overcoming the scruples of the Court, and for virtually disavowing the POPE's notorious Encyclical Letter. According to the doctrine which has happily been established in England, the principle of recognition is as simple as the principle of sight. Disclaiming all right to control the external arrangements of foreign nations, the English Government has only to inquire whether a monarchy or a republic actually exists, with a reasonable prospect of duration for a moderate time. The Southern Confederacy of America was not recognised, because it was fighting for the independence which it ultimately failed to attain. The Kingdom of Italy, on the other hand, held undisturbed possession of all its territories, and even if it had not commanded the warmest sympathy in England, a plain historical fact would nevertheless have received formal diplomatic registration. It was unnecessary to inquire whether the Tuscans or the Modenese were morally justified in expelling their respective dynasties. VICTOR EMANUEL would be not less King of Italy if the princes whom he supplanted had been conspicuous benefactors of mankind. It is natural that Austria should withhold recognition from a sovereign who openly claims a considerable province of the Empire as an integral portion of Italy, but the Spanish Government had no similar excuse for affecting blindness to transactions which were altogether beyond its control. It is true that the wretched Neapolitan BOURBONS were cadets of the Spanish branch, but even if Legitimist doctrines had not become obsolete, Queen ISABELLA might have remembered that by old-fashioned Conservatives she is herself denounced as a usurper. The ground of objection was, in fact, religious, or superstitious, rather than political; for it was thought that coldness to the half-excommunicated rival of the POPE would partially atone for the accomplished secularisation of Church estates in Spain, and perhaps for some private eccentricities. One of the most contemptible forms of Royal selfishness is the tendency to purchase supposed spiritual advantages at the expense of public interests. Free Governments, like corporations, have fortunately no souls to be saved or risked when it becomes their duty to oppose the Grand Lama or Mumbo Jumbo. The recognition of Italy is therefore a proof of the advance of freedom, as well as of common sense, because political interests have been deemed more important than a Papal benediction or the gift of a golden rose.

The PRIME MINISTER of Spain is probably the ablest

statesman in the country, but he has to thank his predecessor for his escape from more than one gratuitous embarrassment. The unprofitable reannexation of San Domingo and the absurd quarrel with Peru have happily been abandoned since the commencement of the present year. Spain would have nothing to gain by the recovery of the Indies, even if such an enterprise were practicable, and the QUEEN may have congratulated herself on the accidental disagreement which left the establishment of a Mexican Empire to be exclusively undertaken by France. There is abundant room for the exercise of prudence and vigour in providing for the security of Cuba. The colony was comparatively safe as long as it was only threatened with American conquest for the avowed purpose of perpetuating negro slavery; but the danger will be far more serious when territorial cupidity is excused by the duty of promoting universal emancipation. It is impossible that the system which is at last abolished on the Continent can be allowed to survive in Cuba. The American Government has now, during four years, for the first time seriously assisted the efforts of England to suppress the slave-trade; and it cannot be supposed that two great Powers will consent permanently to maintain a costly blockade which is only rendered necessary by the indifference of Spanish functionaries to municipal law and to international compacts. If an Abolitionist BUCHANAN were to menace the seizure of Cuba in another Brussels Memorandum, English opinion would be neutral, or perhaps hostile to Spain. There is perhaps a shadow of respectability in a resolute determination to cultivate originality by a refusal to follow even the most reasonable fashion; but Spain has capabilities of greatness which render the affectation of obsolete prejudices unnecessary and superfluous. A powerful and rising nation has no need of attracting attention by absurd laws for the persecution of dissenters, by the maintenance of colonial slavery, or by the exclusion of commerce and the discouragement of foreign capital. The Emperor of the FRENCH sets a better example, although he can afford to indulge in such doubtful experiments as the conquest of Mexico. Italy has adopted in theory, and as far as possible in practice, the political principles of the most enlightened nations; and the Latin race, except in Spain, carries no artificial weight in its competition with the Teutonic population of Europe and America. It perhaps matters little whether the few dozen Protestants who may be found in Spain are liable to imprisonment for reading the Bible; but mediæval intolerance is discreditable to a civilized State. The payment of the public debt and the liberation of the slaves in Cuba are objects of more immediate urgency.

THE SCHLESWIGERS AT COPENHAGEN.

THERE are nations which are for ever childlike. They may do all the usual civilized things as well as any one else—marry, beget children, farm, exchange dirty currency notes, build railways, cities, and ships, have theatres, soldiers, sovereigns, and Parliaments. But they never lose their sweet infantine ways, or behave like the wicked grown-up nations around them. The Danes are one of these nations. No one can despise the Danes. They fight valiantly by land and sea. They have got a novelist, and they lately had a sculptor. They have a most respectable King, who gets out his children with a success that stamps him as, in theatrical language, the leading father of the day. In the late war they showed great bravery, and in their adversity they showed great fortitude. Even the Prussians were proud of Düppel, not because twenty Germans to every Dane was found to be an unequal proportion, or because rifled cannon smashed to pieces the antiquated, useless artillery of the enemy, but because those who were beaten were Danes, and it was thought creditable to conquer Danes under any circumstances, however favourable. Still the Danes are in some ways just like children. Their politics are not like the politics of the rest of Europe, and arrangements are possible with them that would be possible nowhere else. Some years ago, we believe, a religious movement was set on foot in Denmark, the exact nature of which could not be stated without some theological intricacies, but the upshot of which was that every parish had its own creed. Where on earth, except in a blessed child's paradise like Denmark, could such an arrangement continue for two consecutive Sundays? But in Denmark the plan is understood to work very well, and the good Danes are quite happy so long as they get a parson and a sermon, just as children pass with a sublime indifference from a High Church or a Low Church story to the *Arabian Nights*, provided only that what they read is a story, and is not any dismal kind of philosophy in sport or concealed history. The Schleswigers of the North

are as much Danes as ever they were, and they cannot bear being parted from their old playfellows; and now they have gone in great numbers to Copenhagen, to have a good cry over the sad fate which has befallen them. The institution of Prussian government in their poor little Duchy must be to them very much like what being sent to school is to other boys; and yesterday, the day when this big bullying Don, with his rod and his abusive language and his gags, took possession of their harmless bodies, must have been a very black Friday to them indeed. It is hard not to be amused with their ways, but there is also much that touches us in this artless outpouring of their troubled souls. They have been very badly used, and they are exceedingly unlucky. That a war which was waged in defence of nationalities and the oppressed should have ended in an unoffending crowd of Danes being handed over, not even to a tame German Duke, one of their own sort and standing although he might be a German, but to grasping, grinding, conscript-hunting Prussia, is a sad freak of fortune. And the worst of it is that dear Denmark was the cause of this last stroke of adverse fate. Denmark would go on fighting when there was no earthly chance of success. Denmark would listen to no terms; it would not take these poor Schleswig Danes into its bosom unless they brought countless Germans with them. If, during the negotiations of London, the Danes had accepted the inevitable peace, but had made it a condition that the upper part of Schleswig should be considered a part of Denmark, no opposition would have been made. But in an evil hour the ears of the Danes were opened to the charming of Conservative charmers, who certainly did not charm wisely, and who persuaded their young credulous friends that, if a little firmness were shown, an English fleet would soon be seen passing the Sound. The proper amount of firmness was shown, and the consequence is that now, when Schleswig Danes go to their mother-city of Copenhagen, the official journals of Berlin pronounce their little excursion to be an offence highly displeasing to their lord and master the King of PRUSSIA.

The principal thing which the Schleswigers did when they got to Copenhagen was to make a procession to a place called Klampenborg. Four or five years ago, in happier days, some other Schleswigers as enthusiastic as they, but in much better spirits, went out solemnly to this place, and there set up a big stone. How simple, how Oriental, and how impressive! They did what children do, and what Eastern men without a farthing in their pockets do, to mark their feelings. They set up a big stone; and we may be sure that, to the right sort of mind, it is as patriotic and thrilling an act to go into a big fir-wood and set up a stone in honour of one's country, as it is to have miles of gas alight, and salvoes of artillery, and a hundred thousand soldiers under arms in honour of the feast-day of an Emperor. With sad minds and sad countenances, but still with a band playing before them, the Schleswigers came to the simple altar, and ranged themselves round it in a circle. Then chosen orators addressed them, and called upon all present to remain true Danes even under the iron tyranny of Prussia. Not that they exactly spoke of the iron tyranny of Prussia, for that would have been dangerous, and might have led to unpleasant consequences when they got back. They called being under Prussia the "present visitation," which can offend nobody, and yet says all that could be said. Being under the Prussian police is a very present visitation, and happy are the people to whom Providence has not thought fit to send it. Perhaps, however, the best speech of the day was made by a Bishop, and a very curious speech it was. The newspaper reports described it as "semi-clerical," and it certainly brought spiritual terrors to bear on the wrongdoers. A Danish Bishop, however, does not go on cursing and ranting in bad Latin like an Italian ecclesiastic. He is at once much milder and much more practical. His words are meek and soft; but then he gets beyond his anathemas and his maranathas, and arrives at something practical and feasible. The spiritual thunder which he proposes to launch can really growl, and perhaps frighten people, although it does no harm to any one. What the Bishop advises the Schleswigers to do is, he says, to tell the Prussian Government that it had no right to deprive them of their liberty and their national individuality. This is, as may readily be believed, not the really efficacious step. They might as well tell a codfish that it has no right to eat herrings as tell Prussia it has no right to swallow up little neighbouring States. But there is something more to be done. If the Prussian authorities will not attend to their representation, if they insist on keeping the Danes in Schleswig away from the Danes in Denmark, why then the Danes are to leave off going to church. We believe Bishop GRUNDTVIG is an

old man, and a popular preacher, and a great politician; but when we come to this terrible semi-clerical device for overawing and confounding the Prussians, we can only say, "Bless the boy!" At the same time, the idea is so ingenious that we do not like to discard it altogether. Why should not we in England help the good cause? The effect might be prodigious. If it overawes, or in any degree tends to overawe, the Prussians, that a few thousand Danes should abstain from going to church, the effect would be very much increased if we joined in the demonstration. We might all of us miss at least one Sunday morning service; and although that would not be much, yet it would show the Danes that our hearts are in the right place, and that our alliance is not quite so hollow and fruitless as it has been thought to be.

We will not say a more serious, but a less semi-clerical speaker, M. ORLA LEHMAN, brought Schleswig politics more within the usual political domain. He tried to instil into his hearers the pleasant creed that nations ought never to be divided, and he reminded them that Italy was made one, not by Solferino, but by the hand of Heaven. Neither reason nor experience warrants the expectation that every divided nation will be made one again; and a little feeble nation like Denmark might be cut up into pieces, not only with perfect ease, but permanently, if the first beginning of violence did not provoke opposition. M. LEHMAN very naturally was indignant that the division of the Danish race did not provoke opposition on the part of Europe; and he thinks that Europe did not interfere because it is now too prosperous to have a conscience, or to care for morals in politics. There is some degree of justice in this accusation, although no one can say how much. Prosperity makes nations, as it makes individuals, too unwilling to risk life and fortune in a good cause. But prosperity also renders the greatest service to mankind by making nations very reluctant to fight except when fighting is made imperative by honour or duty. In this particular instance, however, Europe was not kept from war solely by having no conscience. It was also, in a very great degree, kept from war by the conviction that the Germans were not altogether wrong, and the Danes not altogether right. It must be remembered that only a little time ago the cry of the oppressed nationality came from the Germans, who complained of their Danish tyrants, and of the sufferings they continually endured. We are not sure whether some Germans in the Duchies did not even go so far as to become irregular in their attendance at divine worship, as a solemn protest against the bondage of their nation. But since Prussia by mere brute force has seized on Schleswig, without any reference to right or nationality, or good causes or bad causes, the conscience of Europe has been somewhat stirred; and it is by no means impossible that these good people in North Schleswig may profit by this, and may even see the day when they shall set up a free Danish stone within their own borders, and make a circle round it of regular churchgoers. If Prussia tries to keep her hold on the Duchies, she will almost certainly try to appease Europe, and especially France, by honouring the theory of nationality and restoring the Danish extremity of the Duchy to Denmark. She has constantly thrown out hints that she would be willing to do this, and is evidently only holding back till she can play this card of apparent moderation with proper effect. It will certainly be pleasant to see the innocent holiday-making and honest boyish triumphs of the Danes if this bit of good luck one day befalls them.

PROFESSORS ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

A SECTION of the British Association has amused itself by devoting a morning to the discussion of Parliamentary Reform. The transition from physical induction to political commonplace was effected by the easy contrivance of calling statistics a science. As the relations of number are susceptible of the purest form of demonstration, every bundle of facts which can be represented in figures may be thoughtlessly assumed to partake of mathematical certainty. The precision of the English language has been seriously impaired by the careless application to subordinate studies of terms which have a special and higher significance. When optics and botany are misdescribed as philosophy, census returns and Reform Bills naturally come to be classified under the head of science. The province of statistics, which at the best can only supply materials for generalization, was fairly defined by Lord STANLEY in his opening address. It is for many purposes useful to ascertain the number of the population, the classification of ages, of sexes, and of occupations, the particulars of disease, the physical conditions of health, and the state

of primary education. When the statistical tables are finally completed, the work of the legislator or the social theorist begins, and in the single department of political economy it takes the form of an experimental science. To the majority of inquirers statistics are misleading, inasmuch as they are generally incomplete. Many popular instructors consider that they have proved a foregone conclusion as soon as they have arranged two strings of figures in the arbitrary relation of cause and effect. Because, for instance, the illiterate section of the community is found to furnish an undue proportion of convicts, it is inferred that ignorance is the principal source of lawlessness; yet it is certain that returns of extreme poverty and of crime would coincide still more closely. The number of committals, again, may represent either the prevalence of offences or the efficiency of the police; and the frequency or rarity of subsequent convictions may indicate either the disposition of juries or the competency of committing magistrates. Mr. BUCKLE was often a victim of his exaggerated faith in facts which happened to suit his own preconceived opinions. A list of earthquakes which had occurred in Spain suggested to him a whimsical explanation of another list, consisting of the judicial murders of the Spanish Inquisition. If he had thought of a single earthquake and of a single *auto-da-fé*, he would have perceived that the two events were wholly unconnected; but number suggests arithmetical relation, and fifty Tenterden steeples would perhaps be inseparably associated with fifty Goodwin Sands. Lord STANLEY's speech consisted principally of cautions against the abuse of statistics, and it would perhaps not have been consistent in the President of the Statistical Section of a scientific Association to explain that there is no such science as Statistics, and that, in the absence of a method, scientific discussion is impossible.

Professor LEONE LEVI's paper on the statistics of representation was not without value, though the discussion which followed was vague enough for the most unpretending of debating societies. There are about twenty millions of people in England, of whom one-fifth—or, according to Mr. LEVI, one-fourth—are men past twenty-one. Of a hundred men married in a year, three-fourths signed their names; and, as Lord STANLEY suggested, it would appear that a larger proportion of the whole population is absolutely illiterate. If, however, one-fourth is disfranchised on the pretext of inability to read and write, there would remain three millions of voters. In 1864, 469,000 persons were apprehended on various charges, some of them probably being counted more than once, and a few being, as Professor FAWCETT sagaciously remarked, perhaps innocent. All, however, are indiscriminately pronounced to be unqualified for the franchise. Two or three hundred thousand adult male paupers are next struck out of the list, and Mr. LEVI eliminates another quarter of a million, as soldiers, sailors, and public and private servants. It is not easy to understand why a sergeant in the army, a gardener, or a butler should be disqualified for a franchise which the day labourer is permitted to exercise; but, on the whole, it seems that between two and three millions of Englishmen escape Professor LEVI's various categories of exclusion. His next calculation is curious, and not absolutely uninteresting. If representation is to be proportionate to the number of persons, "for every 100 votes there should be "given 4 to the upper, 32 to the middle, and 64 to the "working-classes. If, on the other hand, it were in proportion to the amount of taxes paid by each, of every 100 votes "83 should be given to the upper classes, 13 to the middle, "and 4 to the working-classes." Speculations of this kind possess little practical value, but figures of arithmetic are better than figures of speech. When Professor ROGERS objected that a skilled artisan was a valuable machine, the members of the Section perhaps felt that not only science, but statistics, had disappeared in conventional metaphor. If it were worth while to pursue an idle analogy, it might be contended that a machine has no right to share in the government of human beings. It is more to the purpose to observe the extreme inaccuracy of language which attends the confusion of party politics with science. Professor LEVI proceeded to state that, out of 3,739,505 inhabited houses, 3,219,514 were rented at a lower rate than 20*l.*, and 2,000,000 between 3*l.* and 10*l.* As, however, the houses in Parliamentary boroughs were not distinguished in the table, this return has no direct bearing on the existing franchise. In conclusion, Professor LEVI intimated his own opinion that it was better to raise the claimant of a vote than to lower the franchise. "For the exercise of the higher "functions of a free man in a free State, the citizen must prepare himself by a life unstained in character, high in moral "principle, and well trained in the school of constitutional

"and political government." Such are the results of statistical science as cultivated by the British Association. It is delightful to reflect that every 101. householder is unstained in character, high in moral principle, and profoundly versed in constitutional learning. Unluckily, the question whether the working-classes possess equally exalted qualifications is scarcely solved by the enumeration of houses and of rentals.

Professor FAWCETT contributed to the advancement of science the expression of the opinions which lately found favour at Brighton, being anxious "that every one, whatever class he might belong to, should be admitted to the franchise, provided he laboured under no mental or moral disqualification." The disqualification of being likely to choose bad members, or to insist on the adoption of mischievous measures, is too insignificant to deserve the attention of a philosopher. It is, however, difficult to understand why Mr. FAWCETT should withhold the franchise from unfortunate patriots who happen not to be able to read and write. Mr. MILL, indeed, would vest all electoral power in a narrow oligarchy of male and female arithmeticians capable of working a sum in the rule of three; but the capacity of making a considerable intellectual effort is a more intelligible test of political aptitude than the possession of rudimentary accomplishments. Serious politicians would not raise a finger to decide between universal suffrage and the enfranchisement of all unconvicted students of the alphabet. The transfer of supremacy to either constituency would equally deprive the educated and wealthy classes of their present share in the control of public affairs.

Lord STANLEY, who was the only statesman present, had some difficulty in checking the political digressions of his bookish associates. He also reminded the audience of one or two material topics which had been overlooked by enthusiastic Reformers. A statistical return of the proportion of voters who actually vote would show that the franchise is not uniformly prized as an inestimable treasure. Such a table would be still more instructive if it enumerated the rateable value of the holdings which confer an unexercised franchise. Nine-tenths of the gentry, the professional men, and the wealthy tradesmen of London know that it is useless to appear at the poll-booth. Even in more enthusiastic and equally balanced constituencies a large number of electors habitually abdicate their rights. The statistical inquirer may well undertake the menial function of collecting the facts for the use of legislators or of disputants. In observing that the ancient 40s. freehold corresponded to a property of 30l. a year in the present day, Lord STANLEY betrayed a suspicion that the entire question of Parliamentary representation was rather historical than scientific. Throughout the debate, it was evident that Professor LEVI's figures were regarded as irrelevant by himself as well as by his opponents. Professor ROGERS and Professor FAWCETT repeated the old Radical formulas, while more cautious politicians retained the belief that the rule of the majority is dangerous to freedom and order. It is better to avow a deliberate preference for a limited Constitution than, after admitting the principle of democracy, to explain it away in detail. It is not impossible that Professor FAWCETT's theories may ultimately prevail, and it would be presumptuous to assert that the result must be either despotism or anarchy; but, for the present, it can only be said that the highest degree of freedom and good government has been attained in combination with a restricted suffrage. The earth is undoubtedly replete with animal and vegetable life, and it is conjectured by some astronomers that the planets may be inhabited. But modest and prudent inquirers decline to dogmatize on the possible felicity of Uranus, as they hesitate to assert that a House of Commons elected by universal suffrage would maintain and continue the wholesome traditions of the English Constitution. Neither question can be decided by catalogues of millions of miles, or by lists of inhabited houses rated on various rentals.

AMERICA.

FEW things are more extraordinary than the tacit concession of uncontrolled power to the PRESIDENT of the United States. He is not absolute, because he has no motive or opportunity for interfering with the ordinary course of administration, but in all important matters he seems to exercise an unlimited discretion. With a revolution to efface and a great political society to organize, Mr. JOHNSON has no Parliament, no independent Ministry, and no Opposition to trouble him. His own accession to supreme authority is entirely casual, though it may perhaps prove to have been a happy accident. The Republican party intended only to compliment one of the few Southern adherents of the Union by electing him to a sinecure office as the successor of a certain Mr. HANNIBAL

HAMLIN, who is now a Collector of Customs. Mr. LINCOLN, however, had become the arbiter of American policy, and Mr. JOHNSON inherits prerogatives utterly unknown to any earlier President. He has hitherto secured exemption from criticism, as well as from resistance, by a not imprudent reserve. The Democrats with whom he formerly acted, and the Republicans who made him Vice-President, are equally unwilling to alienate a doubtful partisan; and the Abolitionists themselves have not yet finally despaired of imposing their policy on the PRESIDENT, although he is generally believed to have determined on rejecting negro suffrage. The Democratic State Conventions which are now preparing for the autumn elections have passed resolutions in support of his system of reconstruction, which has itself been but partially disclosed. It is highly probable that the friends of the Constitution will ultimately dispute the expediency of severe and sweeping proscriptions, but, as long as the PRESIDENT professes a desire to restore the seceding States to the Union, his efforts will be supported by the Democrats. The Republicans, while they affect equal satisfaction with the measures which have been hitherto adopted, assert that the re-establishment of civil government in the South is only provisional and experimental. The repentant States are warned that they must prove their sincerity by choosing loyal representatives and functionaries, and that all elections which are unpalatable to the ruling power will be summarily disallowed. It is not surprising that the Democrats should hope to reconstitute an old alliance, or that their adversaries should deprecate the restoration of Southern influence in public affairs. Mr. JOHNSON, having the power to gratify the wishes of either party, will be flattered on both sides as long as he keeps his secret, or postpones his decision.

It has scarcely occurred to any American to question the right of the PRESIDENT to exercise martial law in a time of profound peace. The ordinary Courts, while they display a natural jealousy of military tribunals, never attempt to maintain their own jurisdiction in conflict with the command of the PRESIDENT. Politicians amuse themselves with conjectures as to the nature of the Court which is to try Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, without venturing even to suggest that the question ought to be decided by law, and not by the will of the Government. As the more odious charges which Mr. JOHNSON formerly preferred against his rival have been tacitly abandoned, the only remaining pretext for a prosecution is the technical crime of treason. Since there is no doubt that the Confederate PRESIDENT, in common with several millions of his countrymen, levied war against the United States, his conviction or acquittal must be determined exclusively by the construction of an ambiguous document which has never yet received a judicial interpretation. If secession was illegal, and therefore invalid, the Confederates were citizens of the Union from the beginning of the war to the end, and therefore they were literally traitors. No serious lawyer would at present pronounce a confident anticipation of the judgment of an impartial Court on one of the most difficult of legal questions; but a Court-martial, especially in Washington, would overrule in five minutes the arguments in favour of the right of secession which formerly commanded general assent. If any faint regard for law still lingers among the triumphant Unionists, the trial of the supposed assassins must have satisfied them that military tribunals are superior to the prejudices and scruples of professional lawyers. The unfortunate keeper of the Andersonville prison has found it useless to plead that a Court-martial has no jurisdiction over his case. It is, however, remarkable that those who conduct the prosecution have become ashamed of a part of the indictment which had been framed for the purpose of fastening a malignant imputation on an illustrious adversary. WIRTZ is no longer accused of conspiring with General LEE to maltreat Federal prisoners; and as he is also charged with several murders, it must have been thought superfluous to proceed with the indictment for conspiracy. As, however, the victims of his supposed crimes are described as persons unknown, it may be presumed that WIRTZ was not really in the habit of shooting, stabbing, and beating to death captive soldiers against whom he can scarcely have felt personal animosity. If the man is guilty, he deserves to be hanged; but the judgment of a Court-martial will not support, by its moral weight, the inevitable sentence of death.

Confidence appears still to be reposed in the moderation and prudence of the PRESIDENT, but thus far he has not recalled his truculent amnesty or modified its practical application. According to a loose estimate, twenty-five thousand excepted persons have petitioned for pardon, and less than a hundred pardons have been granted. It must be remembered that the unsuccessful applicants have done nothing morally wrong, and that it is still uncertain whether they were not legally bound

to prefer their allegiance to their respective States to their connection with the Union. Their guilt consisted in mistaking the relative strength of the South, and a defeat involving the abolition of their favourite institution might have been thought a sufficient punishment. The mass of their accomplices have necessarily been relieved from penal consequences, and the only distinctive crime of the great majority of outlaws consists in the possession of the moderate competence of 4,000*l*. If Mr. LINCOLN had lived, no party in the North would have ever dreamed of the proscription which is universally approved or tolerated because it has been issued by Mr. JOHNSON. There is no reason to suppose that the actual PRESIDENT is bloodthirsty or cruel, but he has more than once displayed an inclination to effect a great social and economical revolution. If the property of the wealthier classes in the South is ultimately confiscated in defiance of the Constitution, the danger which will ensue to property in all parts of the Union will be regarded with just satisfaction. It is possible, however, that the harsh policy of the PRESIDENT may be explained by his desire to retain a hold over the leading politicians of the Southern States; and the temporary disfranchisement and continued uneasiness of the most respectable part of the Confederate population might be endured, as one of the irregularities which necessarily follow a great political convulsion. If the amnesty is enforced according to its letter, Mr. JOHNSON will have followed, with remarkable accuracy, the precedent of Russian dealings with unnatural rebellions in Poland. General MOURAVIEFF drew precisely similar distinctions between treasonable landowners and peasants who had remained below the level of disloyal patriotism.

Experience alone can show whether a levelling policy is popular even with the class which may be expected to benefit by the plunder of the rich. The nobler races regard their leaders with sympathy rather than with envy, nor is there any reason to suppose that the heroic soldiers of the Confederacy would consent to rob their officers on the failure of their common enterprise. The Conventions which have hitherto been elected in the South represent the poorer classes only, inasmuch as the owners of 20,000 dollars have been excluded from the polls in default of a pardon; yet the Convention of Mississippi has memorialized the PRESIDENT in favour of a genuine amnesty, and the petty tyrant of Tennessee has failed to procure a conforming majority by insolent interference with the elections. The few dissentients who deserted the weaker side during the contest are, justly or unjustly, distrusted as renegades and traitors to their States. The defeated party is willing to acquiesce in the consequences of failure, but not to admit that it has been guilty of a crime. On the whole, the cause of justice and of harmony is likely to benefit by the lapse of time. As angry passions subside, there will be less and less desire of vengeance, and gradually even Americans may begin to suspect that a dictatorship is an anomaly when the commonwealth no longer requires extraordinary aid. There is, fortunately, little difference of opinion between the North and the South as to the treatment of the emancipated slaves. It is the interest of cotton-growers that the negroes should work for reasonable wages, and if the coloured population prefers, as in Jamaica, a life of idleness, it will receive neither sympathy nor support from the North. Moderate Republicans admit that the employment of coloured regiments to maintain order in the Southern States can only be justified by temporary considerations of military convenience. It is surprising that the dreaded abolition of slavery should provoke so little violence or passion.

MORE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS.

SIR F. GOLDSMID is hard upon us. He has dragged us down to Reading, and made us say the thing we have not said. Sir F. GOLDSMID "has no sympathy with the writers in the *Saturday Review*." We can quite believe it. We have not offered him an invitation to contribute to these columns; and, conjecturing the literary attainments of the Berkshire M.P.'s from what we know of their oratorical powers, we are not likely to do so. But that he has no sympathy with us is no reason for making us say what we never said. We never thought "that Exhibitions such "as that which was opened on Wednesday were not calculated to benefit the different localities in which they were "held"; and certainly we never said anything about "localities," which is a word we are glad to leave to more accomplished "literary men." Indeed, what we think about Industrial Exhibitions is that they are especially qualified to benefit, in a very practical sense, their respective "localities."

An Industrial Exhibition is a remarkable instance of local tact and management. It combines every sort of interest of the personal and local character. It suits the purpose of the great publican interest and the railway company, by bringing strangers into the town. It is generally got up by an enterprising official, who embodies the public spirit, that is, the pecuniary interests, of the town. It unites the attractions of a race-week, a bazaar and archery meeting and missionary meeting and picnic. It gives the local shopkeepers and mayors of such distinguished municipalities as Basingstoke, Newbury, and Maidenhead, the rare chance of "marching in their "official robes in procession from the town-clerk's office to "the town-hall," and seating themselves within three feet of lord-lieutenants, bishops, and county magnates. It gives occasion to many and festive luncheons offered by the local lawyer and banker, which may some day be repaid by dinners at the local parks and halls. It affords a cheap opportunity for the local squires to show off their majolica and pictures, their jewelled dirks, tazzas, and bronzes. It conciliates the local vendors of bonnets, cold pies, and peaches. It calls out all the "Odd Fellows and other societies," the Volunteer corps, the choir, and the parochial clergy. It decorates unwonted stewards with authoritative white rosettes. It promotes great fuss, heat, and feasting; and, above all, it creates a vent for an enormous amount of pent-up eloquence and local humour and local rhetoric. Especially does an Industrial Exhibition afford opportunities for setting up new calves and fresh tabernacles for the worship of Prince ALBERT and the Working-man, the last gods added to the British Pantheon. An Industrial Exhibition makes a dull midland county town give itself metropolitan airs, and for a few days make-believe that it is quite a London or Paris. Such being our estimate of these entertainments, it would be foolish to say that Industrial Exhibitions do not benefit "their respective localities." So long as localities love a little swagger and display, and so long as localities put money in their pockets by these Exhibitions, so long will they, in the most practical sense, be benefited by them. Besides which, they are a great boon to the newspapers in the dullest season of the year; and as they bid fair to supersede "extra-Parliamentary "utterances," and certainly give a larger exercising-ground for hobbies and nonsense to curvet upon than the dry hard business of political explanations, they are, merely as a novelty, rather a godsend. Moreover, as fools and folly are said to be getting scarce, and as Industrial Exhibitions seem to invite even the wisest of men to pour out the accumulated and surcharged scraps of thought which human nature must secrete about everything in general and nothing in particular, they have their value in the great economy of things. Who knows, for example, whether Lord PALMERSTON and Lord STANLEY and the Bishop of OXFORD might not, but for the wholesome relief afforded by an Industrial Exhibition, be reduced to spurt out bunkum in Parliament and Convocation?

The Reading Exhibition is called an Industrial Exhibition, but in what sense we cannot conceive. It comprises the cream of the show-houses in Berkshire. The QUEEN, who comes forward only as a Berkshire lady (her grandfather was proud of being a Berkshire farmer), sends the CELLINI shield; Mr. MORRISON sends GIBSON'S "Venus," and there are all sorts of "objects of bigotry and virtue," miniature cabinets and ivories. All this is a very splendid expansion of ATTENBOROUGH'S shop, and a respectable shadow of South Kensington; but where is the "industriality" of it? The Reading show may be a pleasant lounge; but as there is scarcely the faintest trace of the Islington and Covent Garden working-man's art in it, our recent strictures scarcely apply to it, and therefore Sir F. GOLDSMID might have saved himself the trouble of vindicating from our aspersions a sort of thing which we never aspersed. If it is anything, the collection at Reading is of the nature of the Loan Collections which are circulated from South Kensington. To be sure, in a corner may be discovered, by a curious inquirer, the contribution of the natives of Berkshire, in the shape of some "quilting, crochet-work, wax flowers," and a few bits of inlaid wood. All this is recommended as a great instrument of education, and a certain mode of raising geniuses as thick as blackberries. And what we are asked to believe is, that if the carver of a teapot out of a cherry-stone could see the CELLINI shield, the hidden spark of genius smouldering within him would instantly take fire, and all Berkshire would be ablaze with a perfect constellation of artists. This is the theory, if we understand the Bishop of OXFORD'S gorgeous rhetoric. But then he seems to forget that at Reading they charge a shilling, or on by-days sixpence, for entrance, and that nine hundred and ninety-nine of the visitors are not working-men, but of the class who in London pay their shillings at the door

of the Royal Academy. It may be very true, at any rate it is very eloquent and fine to say, that the want of our age is "some mode of developing genius." We are not disposed to deny that "this working everyday world wants suggestive instances to awaken in men's minds their higher energies, and to remind them that they possess unsuspected powers." But what we do not see is how an Industrial Exhibition is this Promethean spark which is to ignite what the eloquent Bishop calls "the tinder" of our minds. Anyhow we own to an apprehension, knowing what an amount of pretence, conceit, impudence, and ignorance there is already in the world, that we may be encouraging the growth of these qualities by the suggestion that all of us have so much latent genius and such undoubted capacities of becoming WATTS, NEWTONS, PHIDIAS, MILTONS, and Bishops of OXFORD. We much doubt whether we are hiding so many talents; and if some of us are the unconscious possessors of unsuspected powers, a good many of us not only suspect, but claim, powers which it is quite certain we do not possess. For a single mute inglorious genius, kept down by poverty and lack of opportunity, there is alive a noisy and insolent score of shallow impostors and frothy charlatans. We do not want this breed encouraged. Berkshire had better improve its pigs, in which the county has won legitimate triumphs, than suggest to all its ugly ducks—ANDERSEN'S tale saves us the trouble of saying geese—that they are undeveloped swans. For it really comes to this, if we are to take the Bishop's speech as anything more than a favourable specimen of his most successful rhetoric, that genius, though it may be hidden genius, is the rule, not the exception. And more than this; if a single visit to the Town Hall at Reading is enough to bid the hidden seed start into instant and prolific vitality, surely it might be thought that life, with all its chances, would some time or other present the vivifying moment, even without a sight of the "tinted Venus" or a Florentine bronze. If we are all of us so very tindery and inflammable, there are sparks enough flitting and flashing about the world. Nor is the Bishop quite consistent. In his exordium he descanted, and truly as well as eloquently, on the mystery and might and marvel of genius. Study, application, intense thought, a careful chain of reasoning—these are not the means by which the triumphs of humanity are won. Discoveries leap out full-grown by accident, and flash into instant life by intuition, by inspiration, as it were. All this is well said. But then the orator goes on to say that though this is very true as a matter of fact, and though the greatest successes and discoveries have been the result of no preparation whatever, yet, as a matter of theory, there ought to be every preparation, every aid, every encouragement, every stimulus to produce by artificial means that which hitherto has grown and flourished by no means and no culture at all; and, moreover, that among all possible modes of bringing out the secret strength of every man's intellect an Industrial Exhibition is the great talisman. It is the IPHIGENIA which is to transform and glorify every CYMON. The Bishop's argument seems to mean this. Not knowing what he was about, the inventor of locomotives stumbled on a locomotive—we take the Bishop's own instance; therefore, if you bring a blacksmith from the Isley Downs into the machinery department, he will most likely show all the STEPHENSON and WATT which is undoubtedly in him, and in every other blacksmith in Berkshire, though he perhaps is not aware of his own gifts. The excursion train, sixpence at the door, and the QUEEN'S shield, will turn out at least a hundred as good as QUINTIN MATSYS himself. We doubt it; and though we hardly dare to say it, the world would be a great bore if all our smiths were CELLINIS or MATSYSES. What, for example, would the Church of England be if all its rectors, vicars, and curates, perpetual and stipendiary, were all WILBERFORCES?

The Bishop's good taste, as well as good sense, saved him from one of the clerical platitudes which these Industrial Exhibitions bring out. He did not say, as on similar occasions some clergymen say, that to encourage the working-man to model the village church in elder pith, and then to tell him that he is an artist, is a triumph of religion. Neither Christian missions, nor the extension of the parochial system, nor the excellence of the XXXIX. Articles, were connected in any way, as far as the Bishop spoke, with the Reading Exhibition. But fools rush in—we mean, county members walk airily—where the Bishop of the diocese fears to tread. Mr. BENYON boldly announced the connection between religion and Industrial Exhibitions, enlarging on the value of the presence of the Bishop of OXFORD; and he quoted the Venus de Medicis as a crucial instance of the influence of religion on the production of the best works of art. Now, remembering how PRAXITELES procured his models, who

those models were, and the particular *cultus* which was paid to Aphrodite Pandemos, it was quite as well that the Bishop "had left the hall" before Mr. BENYON made this speech. If it meant anything, it means that the "tinted Venus" ought to be placed over the altar of St. Mary's, Reading—which is a view of high art that at any rate would increase the congregation. A few more speeches such as Mr. BENYON'S would reconcile us not only to the local, but national, and even oecumenical, uses of Industrial Exhibitions. If, in days when a laugh is scarce, they bring out follies of such vast dimensions as this religious purpose of the Medician Venus, we hope that there may be many Reading Exhibitions and many BENYONS. The honourable knight of the shire is himself a strong proof of the Bishop of OXFORD'S view. An Industrial Exhibition has for once brought out a spark of high genius, and a county member is greater than he or his friends gave him credit for being. Mr. BENYON'S tinder has been ignited, and he has certainly coruscated in these original views about the religiosity of VENUS.

LAMORICIÈRE.

THE grave has closed over one of the bravest and best of French soldiers. Twenty or thirty years ago Algeria was really a school of war, and, among all the pupils who learnt there the stern art of fighting, no one was more distinguished, more active, or of a higher character than the young officer afterwards known to fame as General LAMORICIÈRE. Now that Algeria is conquered, and none but border tribes ignorant of the relative strength of civilization and barbarism dare to dispute the supremacy of France, the French soldier has little chance of distinction, and learns scarcely anything except that patient resolution which sustains a man in the tedious discharge of duties which bring no credit and attract no notice. But while Algeria was being conquered, there was a career opened to an enterprising young officer on which men like LAMORICIÈRE could not fail to seize. At no time, perhaps, was the warfare in Algeria of a kind to instruct even those who carried it on most successfully in those higher and larger operations which demand and develop military genius. It has often been remarked that none of the Algerian celebrities ever showed the highest qualities of a general; and LAMORICIÈRE was no exception, for even if it was impossible that the highest genius should have succeeded on the conditions which he was obliged to accept when he tried, in his later life, to command an army, yet his very want of success showed at least a want of judgment and of that perception of impossibilities which a great commander always possesses. But no better field than Algeria was ever offered for the display of those personal qualities of courage, dash, fortitude, and the power of inspiring his subordinates and winning the confidence of his soldiers, by which an officer wins his way to distinction in the service. The original destination of LAMORICIÈRE had been to the Engineers; but he could not bear that fighting should be going on, and a chance of distinction and of a brilliant career should lie open, and that he should miss the opportunity. He sought advancement and fame in the wild warfare of Algeria, and he found what he aimed at. Step by step, by one brilliant action after another, he forced himself upon the notice of his superiors, and won the admiration of the army. At length, after some years of continuous service, he was chosen to take a leading part in those operations which led to the utter defeat of ABD-EL-KADER and the pacification of the country. And success in Algeria was in those days not merely a key to military glory, but it was associated with the hopes and the fortunes of the dynasty that then held the throne of France. The ORLEANS family did its utmost to bind up its honour and its interests with the army of Algeria, and the Duke of AUMALE showed personally in the field those great qualities of mind and heart which most unfortunately have failed, through adverse circumstances, to be of the profit to France and to Europe which they most certainly would have been had fortune permitted their exhibition on a suitable scale. LAMORICIÈRE—who was in many respects the model, not only of the French soldier, but of the French gentleman—was a worthy partner in the concluding scenes of the Algerian contest; and his name was never sullied either by those private scandals which darkened the reputation of one noted Algerian commander, or by those frightful cruelties which threw almost as black a shade over the fame of another.

There can be no doubt that if LAMORICIÈRE, who was in Paris at the time of the Revolution of February, had been allowed to act, he would easily have saved the ORLEANS dynasty. The revolution succeeded because the head of the State held a theory totally incongruous with his position.

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LOUIS PHILIPPE believed that, as he had been raised to the throne by the voice of the people, he was bound to abdicate his throne when the voice of the people called on him to give up what he had received from the nation. There is something which heightens the personal character of LOUIS PHILIPPE in this strange belief, for it shows how little truth there was in the charges of crafty self-seeking which were so often and so freely brought against him. But no view of the duties of a king could be more absurd, and none could make all good government so utterly impossible. As, however, his Sovereign chose to run away, and LOUIS PHILIPPE, the descendant of innumerable BOURBONS, considered it a part of his duty to become Mr. SMITH and hurry off to England, LAMORICIERE and his brother officers had no choice but to submit; and they submitted with a readiness which at least spared Paris and France the pangs of protracted doubt and anxiety. When the disastrous revolution of June broke out, and the streets of Paris ran with blood, LAMORICIERE immediately placed himself at the disposal of CAVAIGNAC, and largely contributed to the success with which that wild burst of popular madness and blood-thirstiness was encountered and overcome. And when the Republican Government was once fairly instituted, LAMORICIERE firmly supported it. A Legitimist by birth, and an Orleanist through the sympathies and associations of his military life, he, like many eminent men of both those parties, thought that the true interests of France demanded the continuance of the Republic. The obvious danger was that an attempt would be made to restore the Empire, and the leading men under the Republic thought that it was quite possible to avert this danger if they managed the Republic so as to prevent the supreme power resting with the PRESIDENT. It is not to be supposed that they expected the Republic to last. There was no chance of that; for France had no real wish for a Republic, and the classes that had anything to lose comprehend all their political wishes in the one absorbing desire to repress socialism. But the Republic might, it was supposed, be made for a time into a government something like the constitutional government of LOUIS PHILIPPE, only without a King. If the same set of men, acting on the same set of principles, conducted affairs and led the Chambers, the result might be similar enough to that established under the ORLEANS system to give France breathing-time to declare who should occupy the position which, in an evil hour for himself and his country, LOUIS PHILIPPE had abandoned. The attempt in a great measure succeeded. The foreign policy of France was forced back into the old groove, and was, if anything, more reactionary than before the revolution of February had proclaimed the fraternity of republican nations. Steps were also being taken to make the home affairs of France go back into their ancient channel, when the PRESIDENT, seeing that he had the choice between safe insignificance and a daring snatch at empire, chose the darker and bolder alternative. Naturally, LAMORICIERE was one of the victims on whom the authors of the *coup d'état* were most anxious to seize. He was driven into exile, his name was struck off the list of the French army, and he had the bitterness of seeing the new Empire triumphant, and of knowing that, when the armies of France were sent into a great field of war, other and far inferior generals would have the honour and happiness of commanding them.

Since then he has been chiefly brought before the notice of Europe by his unfortunate acceptance of the impossible task of defending the POPE's territories with the POPE's army. The whole scheme was an utter mistake; but we who are now wise after the event may easily see, if we will pause to reflect, that it was a mistake which an able man might easily commit. How was LAMORICIERE, living as he did in Catholic and Legitimist circles, and stirred by the exhortations of some who had been considered among the leading statesmen of France, to guess that the zeal for maintaining the POPE's territory intact and sacred was really hollow and little better than a sham? If the Catholic world had believed in the duty and glory and pious delight of fighting for the Romagna, as the Crusaders believed in the duty and delight of fighting for the Holy Sepulchre, why should not LAMORICIERE have led an army which might have driven back the impious legions of Italy far beyond the holy frontier? What broke up the whole enterprise and ended LAMORICIERE's mission in the inglorious field of Castel-Fidardo, when one of the first soldiers of his time had the painful task of commanding a miscellaneous horde of mercenary fugitives, was simply that, when the critical time came, the Catholic world showed that either it did not regard the maintenance of the Papal possessions as a sacred duty, or, if it did, that it did not care about fulfilling sacred duties. It might have been very different if there had been any chance

of the POPE being driven altogether out of Rome; but to subject permanently large numbers of outlying Italians to the transparent miseries of ecclesiastical government did not seem so very holy and imperative a duty to the lay Catholic world as it did to the ecclesiastical. This was no doubt a secular feeling; but the leading Catholic nations have become almost as much secularized as the leading Protestant nations. They would fight for what they considered the essentials of their faith, and would resent any attack on the Church to overlook which would touch their worldly sense of honour; but they are inclined to restrain the bearing of religion on temporal affairs within the narrowest possible limits. If LAMORICIERE had not lived some time in exile, and if he had not had his judgment warped by the influence of friends whose hatred of the Empire and of Italy had blinded them, he would probably have seen the truth as clearly as any one else, and would have known that to go to defend the Romagna with such troops as the Papal Court could raise or buy was to start on an utterly hopeless errand. It is one of the heaviest penalties which exile and misfortune bring with them that those who are thus removed from free intercourse with their countrymen, and from the practical conduct of affairs, lose their hold on facts, and are liable to be much too easily swayed by theorists, fanatics, and violent partisans. Personally, LAMORICIERE, though he did no good to the side he espoused, except perhaps to instil the conviction that no military abilities could make it succeed, lost nothing in character or reputation. He had devoted himself to what he believed to be a good cause; in spite of all his bright recollections of leading real French soldiers, he had condescended to command the motley, untrained, unsoldierly troops of the POPE, and he had only yielded to an adverse force that was manifestly overwhelming. He had done what he thought his duty, and retired again into a privacy where he was followed by the respect and admiration of his friends, and by the kindly sympathy of all who knew what he had done for the honour of the arms of France.

THE BRISTOL DISAPPOINTMENT.

NO one who has a human heart to feel will doubt that the Bristol operatives have been very hardly used. A custom which in this age may be called venerable, as it has now extended over ten years, has established that a Prime Minister's vacation is the lawful property of provincial audiences. It is evidently only by a piece of extreme maladministration that Lord PALMERSTON has had the gout at such a time. It is a defiance of the lawful prerogative of the working-man, and an interference with his most important interests. A Prime Minister may be useful during the Session of Parliament in passing measures which facilitate the workman's labours. But his business during August and September is far more vital, because he then interferes with the workman's enjoyment of his holiday. To those who have no sympathy with the spirit of the age it is, indeed, a strange kind of holiday. The only salient point of the speech which the PRIME MINISTER would have made, if he had gone to Bristol, would have been a bad joke about the young women present, and the probability of their being soon married. A joke of equally good calibre would probably have been furnished them by their own rector, whenever he undertook to improve their minds by a suburban lecture. But it is something to hear a great Prime Minister make a very small joke. The consciousness that a man for whose decision France and Russia have looked with anxiety is improvising small chaff to grinning females for your amusement, is ennobling to humanity, and raises a man in the scale of sentient beings. Besides, the appearance of a Prime Minister as part of an autumn raree-show is in itself a sublime testimony to the progress of civilization in our great country. There was a time when the working-man was content with far less elevating sights. The agility of a long-tailed monkey, or the conjuring tricks of a mountebank, used to furnish the holiday enjoyments of those who now insist upon Prime Ministers and Chancellors of the Exchequer. Every symptom of a more fastidious and more delicate taste in the working-classes is to be hailed as an improvement, no matter what the nature of the enjoyment upon which it is exercised. That distinguished politicians are now required to excite the same curiosity which used to be easily raised by the grosser performers who preceded them, shows that the working-men are becoming thorough connoisseurs. The fact ought to take its place in the catalogue of merits by which Mr. BAINES annually establishes their right to the six-pound franchise.

The regret, however, has not been confined to the in-

habitants of Bristol alone. Their loss is easily repaired. There are plenty of younger "lions" about, even if the king of autumnal exhibitors is away. They have already made an attack (though an unsuccessful one) upon Mr. GLADSTONE, who, if he cannot provide jokes for the women, can preach a lay sermon as well as any man; and there still remains Sir CHARLES WOOD, whose speeches, if they do not charm the ear, impose a severe and profitable exercise on the understanding. The Bristol folk will make a great mistake if they do not send for Sir CHARLES WOOD, for they hardly know what a Minister really is until they have seen and heard him. Whoever they may succeed in trapping, their show will be just as lively. But this refusal of Lord PALMERSTON has an ominous look. Graver interpretations are affixed to it than the newspapers care to print, and doubts are freely expressed whether he may not be compelled some months hence to forego a meeting of more importance than the Bristol gathering; and the substitute proposed by the men of Bristol naturally suggests the inquiry whether Mr. GLADSTONE will be "sent for" to replace his chief at a more distant period. The position of Mr. GLADSTONE in reference to the succession of the leadership of the Liberals, which must fall vacant before long, has altered a good deal within the last few months. His mishap at Oxford was due to a variety of causes, some of them creditable to the University and some of them very much the reverse. But it has had one effect, little intended probably by those who brought it about. It appears to have convinced Mr. GLADSTONE that his declarations in favour of universal suffrage, and his open flirtations with Mr. BRIGHT, were not so popular as at one time he imagined they would be. The fact that a majority of the lay portion of the constituency has rejected him is a fact which cannot fail to tell upon his mind. Though they may be very sincere Christians, the laity are not usually so sensitive to questions affecting the Established Church as the clergy. They are apt, rightly or wrongly, to treat the sensitiveness of the clergy upon such points as exaggerated, and to set down the questions upon which clerical apprehensions are the liveliest as mere questions of detail. It was no ecclesiastical quarrel that induced the lay members of the Oxford constituency, speaking of them as a whole, to disavow the University from Mr. GLADSTONE's splendid fame. That speech in favour of manhood suffrage told upon the educated classes with a fatal effect which no subsequent apologies or prefaces could dispel. But Mr. GLADSTONE, quick as his perceptions are in many respects, is slow to recognise the movements of opinion, and especially of the educated opinion by which in England all political issues are decided. The speeches, however, which he delivered at Manchester and Liverpool give a fair ground for hoping that, under the stern teaching of the Oxford election, he has at last recognised the danger of his course. Those speeches paid a deference to the feelings and apprehensions of the propertied classes which for many a year he had not displayed. The dulness, again, of his last oration at Hawarden seems to show—unless, indeed, like ADDISON, Mr. GLADSTONE has some special reason for being intentionally stupid—that he recognises, in the necessities and prospects of the present moment, the policy, or at least the safety, of humdrum. It is dangerous to predict anything concerning his future course. His moderation in Lancashire may be but a passing phase of opinion, such as many others by which his political life has been marked. But he has arrived at a time of life when "phases of opinion" should cease. If he again changes, and, in obedience to the fancied necessity of the hour, holds out his hand once more to the extreme Radicals, he will have created a deep-seated distrust which he is now too old to dissipate.

There can be no doubt that the Bristol workmen were right; and that in fame Mr. GLADSTONE is only second, if second, to Lord PALMERSTON. But in England something more beside surpassing gifts of oratory are needed to qualify a ruler. No talent will reconcile the really powerful classes in this country to a democratic leader. Democracy has of late years achieved no success so brilliant as to abate the natural dislike which the possessors of property, be it large or small, entertain to the idea of consigning the power of taxation to those who have no property to tax. The dominant opinion of England desires progress earnestly and intently, but it would wish it not to be left to the caprice of the uninstructed multitude. Progress, under the protection of the educated minority, is the end to which all that is best and most powerful in England tends. It is for Mr. GLADSTONE to say whether he will be the leader of such an enterprise or not. If he enters heartily into such conditions, it is not likely that any power will be strong enough to displace him from the primacy which his marvellous ability naturally claims. Personal

antipathies or bitter memories will have lost their power against a position based on a foundation so secure. But if he persists in making himself the Minister of democracy, he will have raised against himself a phalanx of powerful interests and tenacious animosities against which no displays of talent will avail. The decision that he will form within the next few months will be momentous for his own career, and not without grave influence upon the destinies of England. It will remain for him to decide whether the rank which the Bristol workmen have given him shall or shall not be his rank in history.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE President of the British Association, in his opening address, said with much truth that one great difference between modern science and what passed for science under the earlier civilizations of Greece and Rome was that we measure and weigh where they estimated and guessed. Even in the hazy regions of palæontology, there is a constant struggle to get at something like a measure of the intervals discussed. Some of the most interesting of modern researches have to do with measuring and testing the atmosphere of planets, the photosphere of the sun, and even the composition of the vapours which are developed in fixed stars; and perhaps the most valuable function of the British Association itself is exhibited by the measure which it annually applies to the progress of science. If it does not effect very much (though it is far from doing nothing) by direct intervention in special departments, it tells us year by year whereabouts we are in our scientific exploration of the various regions of inquiry; and, above all, by the character of the subjects which become successively prominent, it measures the tendency of science from time to time to work more or less decidedly in this or that particular direction. The annual *résumé* which it is customary for the Presidents to give of past triumphs and present struggles may, it is true, often show the bias of a single mind rather than the prevailing set of the wave of scientific progress; yet a mere glance at the subjects which are most amply treated and most keenly discussed is enough to supply a trustworthy indication of the line in which the world of science is drifting. Two especial features of contemporary research have been conspicuous of late in the meetings of the Association—one, the strong bent towards practical applications of knowledge; the other, a peculiarly adventurous spirit in exploring the deepest and remotest districts of the field of knowledge. The actual use of the materials already won, and the widening of the region of what is considered possible discovery, are, when co-existent, two very wholesome characteristics, and they peculiarly mark the temper of modern science. Huger intervals of space and time than at any former epoch now separate our actual world from the places and the periods where our keenest scientific work is going on. The 93,000,000 of miles to which it seems the sun's distance must now be reduced is vastly too large for the mind to grasp, yet the great testing and measuring power is in operation there, and by the aid of spectral analysis we know that the same materials of which our earth is made form the basis of the sun itself. But there are infinitely mightier strides than this covered by the recent march of science. Multiply the sun's distance by almost any factor you please, and you do not get beyond the region of many of the stars which are nightly seen. Yet they too yield to the same process; and the President was able to refer, as if to a familiar fact, to the constitution of fixed stars, and to recognise among its elements the hydrogen and the iron, the sodium and the magnesium, which form so important a part of the substance of our earth. And even this discovery has only been the starting-point for a further plunge into space. The mysterious nebulae have recently been attacked, and they are gradually revealing themselves as masses of hydrogen and nitrogen, combined, it may be, with other gases peculiar to themselves. The extreme bounds of time formerly deterred inquirers even more than the almost inconceivable limits of space, but now, of all subjects of investigation, none seem so tempting to our aspiring geologists and anthropologists as those which lead them to the period of undeveloped humanity and to the dreary time when life was not upon the face of the earth. Further and further back these epochs are pushed by each successive wave of speculation. What was once the mere possibility of pre-historic races is now accepted by the collected *savans* of the Association as undoubted fact. Perhaps all may not go equally far in their admissions. The antiquity of man is still a question for discussion; but as each year brings fresh materials from caves and drift-beds, the debateable boundary

of time for which contending parties struggle recedes further and further into an unknown past, and such apparently unfathomable questions as the origin of species and the development of life take up more and more of the interest and the industry of our scientific pioneers. The struggle of the anthropologists at Birmingham to obtain a special section for themselves was a little whimsical, and might, if successful, have been an inconvenient precedent, but it was not the less significant of the temper of the times.

Side by side with this spreading of the scientific wave over the hitherto scarcely touched provinces of the universe, there also comes out, in the proceedings of the late meeting, the strongest evidence of utilitarian effort. The Economical and Statistical Section was no doubt wild enough in its discussion of political reform, but this eccentric department shared with the other sections the disposition to discuss with more than ordinary zeal the legitimate applications of practical science. A detailed paper on the successive improvements in cotton machinery was one of the most prominent contributions. Other examples of the same kind were, the narrative of the gradual perfecting of Mr. BESSEMER'S process for the reduction of iron and the manufacture of steel; a discussion of the methods by which telegraphic cables may best be laid, maintained, and recovered; a lecture on the prospects of penetrating to new coalfields in various districts of England; and a debate on the expediency of continuing the Patent Laws, which has been so much disputed by writers who have looked only at one side of a very tangled question. The hope, which is to some extent encouraged, of discovering workable seams of coal beneath the new red sandstone which covers a large area of Britain, may be accepted as a set-off against the rather alarming statistics which led Sir W. ARMSTRONG and others to dread the comparatively early exhaustion of the fields from which our present supply is obtained. But there is one rather serious consideration which will probably go far to check private explorations in search of workable beds of coal. Professor JUKES pointed out that, after penetrating the red sandstone under which the coal is looked for, we have a right to expect just what we find in other parts of the country which have never been submerged by the red sandstone deposit. Coal-measures would be quite in their place when the thousand yards or so of superincumbent rock had been fairly penetrated; but we know that in districts where these last strata are absent the coal-bearing formation has in some places altogether disappeared, and in others is left only in such fragments as are incapable of profitable working. Lord STANLEY very justly interposed the remark that the value of the probable coalfields lying under the red sandstone of the midland counties depends entirely on the possibility of working the coal, when found, at a profit. Whether the joint efforts of many proprietors in combination may be sufficient to set at rest the doubt as to the nature and extent of our undiscovered coalfields, or whether a Government exploration may be necessary, the British Association has done good service in urging the importance of an investigation, on the results of which the future supremacy of British manufacturing industry will probably turn.

We are not sure that the discussions on the subject of telegraphy have done much to assist those who are engaged in such enterprises as the laying of an Atlantic cable. Mr. FAIRBAIRN pointed out with almost more than sufficient exactness the difficulties which must attend any attempt to recover what must for the present be called the lost cable. The difficulties, however, were known, and two discussions on the subject failed to bring out any suggestions which were not already familiar. Mr. FAIRBAIRN'S opinion (probably correct), that it will not be practicable to lift a bight of the submerged wire without a fracture on one side or the other, is not so alarming as it might seem at first sight; for nothing should be easier than to ensure that the first fracture shall take place towards the seaward end, after which the cable might be recovered as easily as if it had been picked up by the grapnels at the exact distance from the open end which the engineers would, if possible, select. The recommendation that, if practicable, two points should be grappled at some little distance from each other, though not made for the first time, may prove valuable, if considerations of expense should not prevent the use of a second ship; and it is at least to some extent satisfactory that no argument has yet been adduced to qualify the hopes of those who expect to see the present cable recovered, at the same time that a new one will be laid, in the course of next summer. The consideration given to the subject of the Patent Laws, though somewhat slight, has attracted more attention both from the opponents and the defenders of the existing system than was perhaps due to any novelty in the arguments adduced. Professor ROGERS pointed out the well-known

defects in the working of our system of patents, but he declined to suggest a better machinery, and he wholly failed to show the justice of allowing one man to appropriate the fruits of another's industry. The *Times*, with characteristic unfairness, complains, in a recent article, that the defenders of the Patent Laws rested their case upon principle rather than expediency, and then, after having appealed to expediency as the only test, straightway founds its own conclusions upon the principle, or rather the fallacy, that property in an invention is a right arbitrarily created by the law, while all other property (except copyright) has an existence independent of law. There is a twofold answer to this contention. In the first place, all property, with the exception of what a man can hold in his hand, is just as much the mere creation of law as property in a patent or copyright. An interest in land, and emphatically a reversionary interest, is a pure creation of the law which enables the so-called proprietor to prevent strangers from using the land, just as much as a patent which entitles the owner to prevent strangers from using a particular kind of machine. The maintenance of all these laws, whether those relating to the ownership of land or those relating to the ownership of patents, rests, it is true, on the general good which they effect rather than on any natural rights; but it is not correct to say that the onus of proving the expediency of existing rules lies, in the one case more than in the other, upon those who defend them. The fanatical opponents of all protection to inventors are constantly insisting on the fact that occasionally two men may make the same discovery, and that it is hard upon the second to be deprived of the use of his own invention. So unquestionably it is; but where this happens once, there would be a thousand cases, but for the Patent Laws, where a man who had spent years in perfecting an invention would be robbed of all the fruit of his labours by competitors whose superior wealth would enable them not only to share in the benefits of a discovery to which they had contributed nothing, but practically to appropriate the whole of them to the exclusion of the inventor himself. The only question for a statesman is, whether the cases of wrong and hardship would not be more numerous and more grievous without than with the machinery of the Patent Law; and even in the course of the short meeting of the Association there were abundant illustrations of the practical service which these laws have done. Mr. BESSEMER first published his process in 1856, and immediately issued licenses to the value of 25,000*l*. It was soon found that the invention wanted perfecting, and it was substantially dropped by every one except the inventor himself. But for the existence of the Patent Laws, that would have been the end of the history; but Mr. BESSEMER was tempted by the vast prize before him to go on with his labours, and the result of a large outlay has been to remedy all defects so far as the manufacture of steel is concerned, and to effect a national saving, in the price of this article alone, of not less than 6,000,000*l*. This is but one instance of the benefits which result from the grant of patents, and whatever may ultimately be done in the matter, it is only right that the advantages no less than the defects of the system should be considered, and that a clamour for total repeal should not be raised merely on account of the difficulty which may attend a judicious reform. This was the tone of almost all who spoke upon the subject at the Association, and we have little doubt that their views will prevail over the crude notions of extravagant theorists.

LITERARY INDUSTRY.

IT is a common and just complaint that the scholarly temper is decaying among us, and that the modern conception of life has expanded itself so largely in every other direction as to leave little room for the ancient studious spirit. But the enthusiasm of the student has perhaps not been choked up either quite to the extent or quite in the way assumed by the rough and ready philosophers who parcel out the whole spirit of the age for us into a few trim and apparently exhaustive formulas. The leading journal, for instance, is only, as usual, following vulgar opinion when it tells us that "our own age will leave to posterity less precious monuments of scholarship and research than many which have preceded it." Yet, if we come calmly to the facts of the case, this Jeremiad proves to be wonderfully gratuitous. Is it true that "many" past ages have left more precious monuments of scholarship and research than will be bequeathed by our own age to posterity? It is difficult, and rather invidious, to make a selection; but nobody will deny that Mr. Grote's History and his recent work on Plato, and Mr. Merivale's History, and Dean Milman's History, are precious monuments of scholarship and research, and they have all been produced by authors still living, and within the last quarter of a century. Add to these such books as Mr. Maine's *Ancient Law* and Hallam's *History of Literature*, and even without taking into account what is, after

all, legitimately a work of research—namely, Mr. Mill's masterly treatise on *Methods of Reasoning*—we have a list of monuments which it would be very surprising if "many" ages could be found to surpass. To what portion of the eighteenth century, for instance, may we look for a series of works so elaborate, so painstaking, so little flashy, so redolent of the toiling scholarly spirit? The colossus of Gibbon, indeed, towers above its stateliest neighbours; but it stands alone, and its superiority in grandeur of design and laborious care of execution is much more visible over its contemporaries than over more modern historical structures. The truth is, that no writer of history has a chance of gaining a footing now without an accuracy of research to which other ages have been almost utterly unfamiliar. Careful and exhaustive inquiry into facts is more rigorously insisted on now than it ever was. The judgments of the best English critics which exploded the Emperor's recent *Life of Julius Cæsar* may serve as a test of the laborious accuracy of research insisted upon by the stringency of modern scholarship. No modern historian would be listened to who wrote with as slender investigation into his subject as was thought sufficient by the once-exalted Robertson; and, if we may pass for a moment to Continental writers, it would be hard in any age to find more "precious monuments" of scholarly labour than M. Amédée Thierry's studies on the Empire, or Sismondi's *History of the Italian Republics*. Of German scholarship and research it is unnecessary to say a word. In short, a great deal of this talk is only conventional stuff, which some thoughtless persons first set afloat, and which has since been accepted without any further trouble. It sounds philosophic. No public speaker or writer thinks himself properly equipped until he has laid in a little stock of generalizations about his age, and the more depreciatory they are, within certain limits, the more likely they are to pass muster. One morning we learn that "we live in an age of false and unreal science," simply because two or three professors talk rather wildly at Birmingham about the franchise. Then, the next day, it appears that we live in an age which is ignorant of scholarship, and slovenly in research, simply because so many people like reading novels and light magazines. It is a great pity that professors should sometimes talk nonsense; and if all the young ladies who read sensation stories would, but for Miss Braddon and Mr. Wilkie Collins, have spent the time in scholarship and research, why perhaps that too is a great pity. But it is much too bad to lay hold of the professors, and a mob of lazy folks in the hours of their recreation at the seaside or after dinner, and call them the Age.

Although, however, among authors of the highest rank the average of scholarship and research is probably higher than it ever was, and though there is every reason to think that writers of this rank are more numerous than they ever were, there is still a sense in which modern influences are unfavourable to the scholarly mind, and this in two tolerably plain ways. In the first place, everybody with sufficient earnestness to have made an old-fashioned student has now-a-days always got a theory of life. We are all more or less smitten with admiration of a popular and ideal character, who is supposed really to make the best of life that can be made of it. No theory of life is now tolerable which does not bring out equally all the good sides of human nature, both purely intellectual and moral. A man with a theory of life must exhibit a little of everything. His understanding should be exercised on all the subjects on which the human understanding has ever been engaged. He must know some history and some philosophy, ancient and modern. He must be capable of enjoying sonatas and symphonies, painting and architecture, and of discriminating mildly between various styles and epochs and masters. An indispensable smattering of poetry will temper the no less indispensable smattering of political economy. The perfect man must also have travelled, and seen the manners of many men and many cities. For the same reason, that "he may know all qualities with a learned spirit of human dealings," he must take a part in public duties, and discharge the functions of the citizen. Then his emotions are to be developed with equal completeness; so he marries and has a family, and loves his wife very much in one way, and his children very much in another way. Besides all this, he must be occasionally contemplative, and must meditate from time to time on the stars and the sea, and on human misery and the general mysteriousness of all things. Such a life as this is delightful to think about, and the ideal is not at all too difficult for mortal attainment, especially for anybody with a moderate competency. But it is not the scholar's life, and it does not countenance the scholar's fashion of looking at things. Anybody with a theory of life smiles with easy contempt as he reads of the prodigious and almost incredible industry of Bayle, and of Joseph Scaliger spending two years in the seclusion of his room, reading nothing but Greek. Where were their emotions all this time, and their public duties, and their contemplations of the sea and the stars? How did they live without exercise, and morning tube, and a summer trip? To the self-conscious man, always troubling himself to live in harmony with infinity and nature and eternity, and to develop all his moral and intellectual muscles equally, this life for the acquisition and digestion and reproduction of knowledge is altogether abnormal, and a waste of forces and faculties. From this point of view, the enthusiastic scholar is even worse off than the enthusiastic man of science. The scientific man does, indeed, develop himself excessively on one side; but then, by his discoveries and inventions, he contributes something tangible and plainly useful to the common stock, while the scholar gets nothing for his toil but what looks like barren knowledge and

unremunerative ideas. And the scholar fares not worse with these earnest and equal-development people than with those others whose simple and beautiful theory of life teaches that nothing in the world is worth having. What is the good of worrying oneself about past events, and people who are dead and gone ages since, and the growth of ideas, in a world where all is vanity and weariness?

But the two counter-theories, that life is worth nothing, and that it is worth everything and can only be properly employed in hunting after everything, are not the only discouragements thrown by prevailing ideas upon literary industry. More powerful than any hostile theory is the attractive spectacle of the pleasures which wealth secures, and which the most thoughtful and industrious of scholars may be pardoned for coveting. The fact that lovers of books are no longer slovenly in their clothes, careless about their persons, and generally irregular and uncouth in their habits, is in itself not so favourable to the undivided supremacy of the literary passion as one might suppose. The man of letters is not cold-blooded, and the cultivation of taste in lower matters than poetry becomes costly. The increasing wealth of his neighbours enables them to gratify abundantly any number of those elegant likings for which even the most studious may have a sympathy. He may read twelve hours a day and still be susceptible of a desire to have good pictures in his rooms, and good wine on his table, and good service, to gratify him during the hours which are left. But good pictures and delicate wines and neat servants cost money, and reading twelve hours a day is not in all cases the surest way to make money. And so it comes to pass that people with modest independent incomes abandon their studious pursuits, and go into business to treble or quadruple their modest incomes. They prefer a handsomely furnished house and plenty of graceful luxuries to the tamer delights of reading and thinking. Of course the old dreams of literature are ever present with them, and when a certain amount of money has been realized, the plans that have been maturing with time are to be diligently carried out. A man with plans of this sort is probably a better kind of man than one who has never had any such plans, and thinks very slightly of them; but they come to no more in one case than the other. Just the same thing happens to writers of books. They, too, want some of the elegances which surround the lives of richer men; so they fall away from what they might have been, and write books whose only merit in the author's eyes is that they pay—books very often twice accursed, for in a mild way they curse both him that writes and him that reads. Just on the same principle, painters and musicians paint and compose rubbish, to catch the market. It is all very well to give hard names to conduct of this sort, and to call it prostitution. So it is prostitution, and it ought to be put down as much as possible by everybody who has any influence; and if men of this temper come forward and demand for their trashy "pot-boilers" in art or literature the title of pieces of art, they ought to be sedulously snubbed and trampled upon. Only it is of no use to set up a literary midnight-meeting movement for these poor fallen creatures, and to serve out to them the weak tea and innutritious bread and butter of sympathetic and feebly hortatory criticism. Though it is the business of the honest critic, as far as he can, sternly to drive these noxious works from the public eye, there is really some excuse for their authors. They are fond of the elegant but costly adornments of life exactly as their neighbours are, so they produce hasty and bad work. They are a public nuisance. They corrupt the taste of the time, and fill the earth, in the way of books and pictures, with a spurious and hateful brood. But, after all, they are not worse than any other people who shut their eyes to what is most worth having, or else, seeing the better course and approving it, follow the worse.

Still it is pleasant and more profitable to contemplate the very different examples of men who loved letters for their own sake, and on their account were willing to "scorn delights and live laborious days." The delights are excellent in their place. The more of the graces of life a man can surround himself with, the luckier he is; but before them comes what Milton calls "industrious and select reading." Milton himself enjoyed the "neat repast, light and choice, of Attic taste, with wine"; the "lute well-touched or artful voice warbling immortal notes and Tuscan air." But then he "spared to interpose them oft." They were only the decorations of life; the life itself was patient industry among poets and philosophers, an eager pursuit of all the wise and graceful things that had ever been said or thought. It is the lack of this persevering industry in its votaries from which literature is in any age most likely to suffer, though the danger is no closer now than at any other time. A poet of the second order, for instance, frequently remains stationary for this reason. He fears to check the flow of his natural inspiration—to distort the bent and weaken the force of his natural genius. He does not see that a knowledge of the thoughts and feelings of mankind, only to be got by study of the writings of others, is a rich supplement to original observation which no poet can dispense with if he would traverse the whole length and breadth of human nature. And it is the same throughout literature. The industrious study of other authors is the surest preventive against that washiness, and thinness, and languor, which are sure to beset an incautious or unfortified writer in an age when there is a downright flood of writing. Pliny the Elder, when in the country, never relaxed reading or being read to, except at the moment when he was in the bath, and even while he was being rubbed dry he either listened or dictated. His nephew on one occasion ventured to take a walk, but was admonished by his uncle that he "need not have lost those hours." This is

carrying studiousness to an extreme, possibly, but still it gives a notion of close and unremitting industry which is rather stimulating. Instances of this tremendous appetite for literary labour are worth dwelling on at a time when men are apt to be diverted from the vigorous pursuit of letters of the highest and most scholarly kind, not merely by indolence, which is not the vice of the time, but by a taste for graceful luxuries, or else by an attractive though extremely fallacious dilettantism.

CANNIBALISM IN EUROPE.

THERE is not the slightest reason why some of the members of the British Association should not make themselves occasionally ridiculous. But the sages play the fool on high principles. The veteran statesman who was caught giving his child a pig-a-back ride round the room exclaimed:—"Here comes a fool; let us be grave." So that we may consider it something of a compliment to the public wisdom when science takes us into its confidence, and admits the public into the inner sanctuary of its solemnities and high jinks. The Section of Geography and Ethnology generally develops a sportive turn. Its fun is rather coarse, and it is addicted to horseplay, and to amenities which are more practical than polite. Captain Burton has, at least on one occasion, made some rough jokes when descending on the vices and follies of his fellow-creatures, as well as on the sources of the Nile. Why the proper study of mankind should take this jocose form we leave to the geographers and ethnologists to determine. The more advanced study of what is called anthropology seems resolved to show that its subject-matter does not present itself even to anthropologists in a serious aspect. Anthropology, having, at least as represented by its most progressive apostles, settled that man is a developed and refined ape, may be excused if it occasionally justifies and generally recalls our simious origin. There is a good deal of the monkey manner in the anthropologists. At the very beginning of the solemn conference at Birmingham, anthropology sought to vindicate its special and peculiar claims, and demanded a section all to itself—perhaps in the shape of a strong wire-cage, furnished with swings and branches—for the display of its quadrumanous antics. We cannot see any reason for refusing these philosophers a separate house for their very exceptional mode of amusing themselves and bystanders. But their request was refused; and Sir Roderick Murchison informed them that, if they were not content to chum with geography and ethnology, they might take themselves off and form a British Association of their own. We think this unfair. Anthropology has at present so little in common with real science that it ought to be allowed to stand apart. But the decision of the British Association means, we suppose, that anthropology has not yet vindicated its claims to scientific consideration. It is like those suspicious companies in the City for which the Committee of the Stock Exchange at present declines to appoint a settling-day. This snub *in limine* seems to have spoiled the temper of the anthropologists, and, like their simious congeners, they have been playing monkey tricks at Birmingham ever since. Mr. Crawford, the President of the Ethnological Society, has an ancient feud with Dr. Hunt, the President of the Anthropological Society, on this very point. Here is a perennial lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong. Mr. Crawford is a staunch ethnologist, and he argues that the greater includes the less, and that, if we know all about the races of man, we shall know all about every man. Dr. Hunt, on the other hand, starts from the auto-man, the first stage after baboonhood, and considers the ramifications from the parent stock of the man-monkey very unimportant, and beneath the notice of a philosopher. Hence the struggle for precedence between ethnology and anthropology, which seems to be very like the old quarrel between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The champions met in a field which one would have thought was a very unlikely one to quarrel upon. On Friday last two savoury papers were read in the Ethnological Section—one on "Cannibalism in relation to Ethnology," and the other on "Cannibalism in Europe"; the first by Mr. Crawford, and the other by a Dr. Charnock. Considering how consistently the anthropologists have laboured to degrade poor humanity, and to make us a very repulsive study to ourselves, one would have thought that the subject of a vile propensity in savage man, in his extremity of savagery, would have been quite to Dr. Hunt's taste. But, dear as is the delight of making a very sorry beast of man, pleasanter still is the sport of having a small squabble with a rival. So there was a good scientific wrangle between the competing Presidents.

These papers seem to have been pretty scientific talk, much in the same way that Fielding's *Tom Thumb* is a tragedy, for hot weather. Mr. Crawford is evidently a wag, and poking fun at us. Just as Archbishop Whately published his *Historic Doubts* with the object, as he thought, of making certain principles ridiculous, so Mr. Crawford, under the amusing form of a discussion on cannibalism, may be charitably supposed to have intended to show us the danger of resting science on a string of theories. Assuming that man was created—only he was not created—that is, "that man appeared upon the earth" as a feeble, helpless, wormlike, naked, defenceless biped, he must have passed through certain stages of progressive existence. Assuming, again, that we know all about these stages, we may again assume that language was developed about the time that stone-hatchets were invented, the connection between stone-hatchets and the use of the tongue being the clearest thing in the world. Next, we may

assume that stone-hatchets were invented for the purpose of building canoes; yet how the idea of a canoe suggested itself before the means of cutting it were in existence we are not told, though here Pope's Nautilus theory might come in. Once more, we may assume that about this time the wild beasts upon which man fed became scarce, though how man had hitherto caught and killed wild beasts without weapons we are not told by Mr. Crawford. And when all this had come to pass, upon all these various assumptions—when man had become sufficiently civilized to jabber, and to make a stone axe, and hew out a canoe, and to kindle a fire—about this time, says Mr. Crawford, "I imagine cannibalism began," which of course he may as well imagine as anything else for which he has not the slightest ground. All this being ascertained, we are informed that cannibalism continued to be the rule of civilized life till Triptolemus, or some other progenitor of Mark Lane, invented corn, which discovery synchronized—Mr. Crawford has private and peculiar information on this point—with the iron and bronze (we thought it used to be bronze and iron) ages, when cannibalism ought to have died out. It did go out of vogue, but there were always about the world a few old-fashioned Tories and Conservatives who kept up cannibalism in various parts of the world. Cannibalism survived, like pigtales, here and there. Amongst the last of the cannibals were the Attacotti, or Scoti. It may be a consolation to the large Lowland family of the name of Scott—whose worthies are described by our Sir Walter Scott in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*—that Mr. Crawford is good enough to say that these Attacotti were not the true and proper Scotts of Harden, and Balwearie, and the rest of them, but only the Irish Scoti, a degraded horde of invaders and aliens. We suspect that Mr. Crawford is himself a Scotchman, for this is the old dodge. Whenever there is anything creditable said about the Irish Scoti, Scotch antiquaries always maintain that they were Scotch emigrants. On the other hand, whenever any queer fact, such as this of cannibalism, turns up against the Scoti in Scotland, they are sure to be Irish immigrants. The author of this statement about the Attacotti is St. Jerome. Mr. Crawford cannot find any testimony to the later existence of cannibalism in Europe than this patristic authority, and so he expatiates freely, through the rest of his paper, on the flourishing cannibalism of Africa, Asia, and Polynesia.

Dr. Charnock, however, finds a good deal more about cannibalism in Europe, and finds it a good deal later. He establishes, by a catena of proofs, the existence and regular practice of cannibalism, almost at our own doors, down to the reign of Queen Elizabeth in the British Islands, and to 1782 in France. These historical proofs are irrefragable, and the solidity of a science which avails itself of them is clearly past question. Many ancient authors are quoted by Dr. Charnock, and he produces "testimony" from Homer about the caves of the Læstrygons, the Sirens, the Lamie, and the Cyclopes. St. Jerome is again appealed to, and the unhesitating deference paid to the Christian Fathers by the anthropologists is edifying in these days of Colenso rebuke and blasphemy. Herodotus, too, and Diodorus Siculus attest the recent and contemporaneous practice of cannibalism; and their authority is unimpeachable. In Milan a woman was condemned to death for enticing, killing, and salting children—a proof of cannibalism which equally applies to Messrs. Burke and Hare in our own time. In 1782 a French bandit was broken on the wheel for murdering and devouring young children. And in Elizabeth's time Sawney Bean, a Scotch cateran, was executed for cannibalism. These are solid proofs from genuine and authentic history against which it would be idle to raise an objection; and they stand well by the side of Mr. Crawford's demonstration of cannibalism from the facts of certain human femora and tibia having been found at Liège split open, as Mr. Crawford is assured, for the extraction of their marrow, though it may have been for making knife-handles, and though it might also be suggested that dogs have been known to eat marrow as well as aldermen. If there are any irreverent sceptics who hint that St. Jerome was equally explicit about the existence of the phoenix and monophthalmic men, or who venture to think that the *Odyssey*, with all its wild stories about Cyclopes, and the Læstrygons, and the Sirens, is only a collection of Oriental cock-and-bull stories—who are perverse enough to remember a good many other rather queer ethnological and geographical facts vouched for by Herodotus, and who parallel his statements with the equally authentic proof of cannibalism in Formosa which was produced by George Psalmannazar—who will ask for the records of the process against the French bandit, or who are indisposed to rank the chap-book which contains the history of Sawney Bean any higher than the *Seven Champions of Christendom*—we can reassure such cavillers and doubters. Mr. Luke Burke is a stupid person of this sort; and he was perverse enough, at Birmingham, to say that anecdotes of this sort from classical writers mean nothing at all, and that any one who chose might prove what he liked from such a source; while, as to modern cannibalism, there might be depraved tastes which would eat human flesh even now-a-days, much as they might eat candles. We are glad to find that Professor Rawlinson, much to the credit of the University of Oxford, added to this scanty and school-boy catalogue of authenticated and "historical facts relating to cannibalism," by "supplying one or two omissions made by Mr. Crawford and Dr. Charnock." This supplementary information ought to have prevented Dr. Hunt's illiberal taunt when, as in duty bound and in the presence of his foe, Mr. Crawford, he stumbled into the common-sense observation, that such "unsupported statements as

those advanced by Mr. Crawford were likely to do more harm than good."

"Unsupported statements," indeed! As though the facts produced by that gentleman and by his able supporters, Dr. Charnock and the Oxford professor, would not strike conviction into any mind less sceptical than Dr. Hunt's. In our opinion, the facts could have been multiplied a hundredfold. Cannibalism in Europe—why, who can doubt of it and of its recent existence? As every historical student knows—and Mr. Rawlinson, as Professor of Ancient History, is especially bound to know it—one of the most reliable sources of historical knowledge is ancient and honoured tradition, particularly in the poetical form of national lays. Who does not see that our still extant nursery rhymes and infant stories are full of allusions to rampant and flourishing cannibalism? But popular lays are only the loose expression of substantial historical truth. Homer was very appositely and properly quoted by the anthropologists at Birmingham, but then there is the voracious history of Jack the Giant-Killer, and that famous rhyme—

Fee-faw-fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread!

which not only proves the existence of cannibalism in historic times and in our own country, but its existence just when Mr. Crawford says it had died out—in the age, not of stone-hatchets, but of at least hand-mills or querns; and, it would seem, as late as that very advanced civilized social state when the millers adulterated bread with bone-dust. But we can carry the proof down much later than the ancient lay which we have quoted, and which might have been only a slander against Danes or Normans, according to the political theory as to nursery rhymes advocated by Mr. Bellenden Kerr. To say nothing of the constant and unvarying accounts of ghouls which we find in that authentic collection of national annals the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, and of ogres throughout the whole range of mediæval literature, there is that celebrated proof which is to be found in the Romance writers, of Richard I.'s cannibalism, and his especial love for *Tête de Saracen en surprise*, which has been commented on by Ellis and Scott, and which is preserved by the sign of the Saracen's Head on Snow Hill. Again; is it at all likely that Dante would have represented Ugolino in hell "craving against his wretched foeman's skull his ravening tooth," unless the Florentine poet had witnessed something of the sort on earth? It is satisfactory certainly to know from Lemprière that Tydeus and Thyestes were good cannibals in the heroic age; but this proof sinks into insignificance when we remember that, as late as the Great Civil War, Lunsford's Light Horse were known as babe-eaters:—

The post who came from Coventry
Riding on a red rocket,
Did tidings tell how Lunsford fell,
A child's hand in his pocket.

And this fact would—and we mention it as our own contribution to anthropological science—point to some connection, which has as yet escaped inquiry, between the English Cavaliers and the New Zealanders, who both seem to prefer the human foot as an article of food, while the Sandwich Islanders, unlike the dogs who feasted on Jezebel, affect the palm of the hand, and especially the palm of a young girl. Indeed we are not sure that the cossetting and petting of the palm of a young girl, which is said to be not quite extinct with the bachelors of England, may not be the last lingering trace of British cannibalism, especially if coupled, as it is reported to be, with such ambiguous, if erotic, expressions as "I could eat you up, and devour you with kisses."

We must therefore say that in this fulness of documentary and other evidence we are really surprised at the very little proof which the authors of these papers produce. One authority, in which the clearest and latest proof of European cannibalism is preserved, they have unaccountably missed altogether. As late as 1729, a distinguished patriot and divine published his "Modest Proposal for preventing the children of poor people in Ireland from being a burden to their friends or country, and for making them beneficial to the public." It is not likely that any serious proposal of Dean Swift ever fell to the ground; and we know that a distinguished foreign author accepted—as, indeed, who does not?—the writer's good faith, and produced the pamphlet as a proof of English misrule in Ireland. Swift, as Dr. Charnock ought to have remembered, not only suggested the eating of children on economical, sanitary, and political grounds, but recommended breeding them for the express purpose of encouraging cannibalism. He went into all the details of the matter, and proved that though naturally a dear food, and "therefore most proper for landlords, who, as they have devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children," yet by management a child might be salted down for winter use, while, in the ordinary consumption of a family, a good hash might be got out of a hind quarter on the third or fourth day. Now, is it at all likely that a writer of good faith and veracity like Swift could have ventured on this proposal unless the notion of cannibalism had been practically familiar to the English mind? To a philosopher these indirect proofs are overwhelming; and we owe a debt to the British Association for giving these philosophers an opportunity of exhibiting themselves, though they failed to say as much as might have been said on their very interesting thesis. We are not without hope that we may be doing something to keep up the notion of cannibalism.

The time is especially ripe for the subject. We hear a good deal of infanticide, and we ask—particularly we ask of Dr. Charnock—what becomes of all the murdered infants? We go a step further than the Birmingham *savans*, and we are persuaded not only that cannibalism did exist in historic times, as St. Jerome and the history of Sawney Bean so distinctly proves, but that it exists still, and that Mother Winsor not only murdered infants, but ate them; and that, for aught we know, it might be a good thing in the present state of the meat trade to establish a human shambles, such as that depicted in De Bry in his account of the Antilles. And it will be satisfactory in some quarters to know that this economy in the supply of human food is not so far distant; for only last week a woman was had up at the Thames Police Office for having saluted a friend with the courteous greeting, "I'll eat your face off," which promise she proceeded to fulfil by gnawing off and swallowing her neighbour's lip and ear. These are facts which have been strangely forgotten at Birmingham.

THEOLOGY IN THE FARMYARD.

EVERYBODY who has at heart the interests of godly and useful learning will be truly grateful for the blessed tidings that reach us from Gloucestershire. Oxford and Cambridge are no longer to remain the exclusive repositories of erudite theology. The study of sacred history is to find a home in barns and ploughed fields, and Scriptural exegesis is to be wafted forth into the wide world from the lowly muck-heap. Not in the dignified seclusion of academic cloisters, but amid grunting porkers and loving oxen and unsavoury fumes, shall patient students painfully explore the theologic maze. The subtle Zulu shall find his master in the homely farm-drudge. The Essays and Reviews which issued from seats of learning falsely so called will have their tinsel erudition shown up to the light of day by the zeal, learning, and true piety of the ploughboy and the dairymaid. No more shall Hodge and Diggorry idly recline under the cover of the wide-spreading beech. No more shall amorous Giles dally with Amaryliss in the shade, or play with the tangles of Neera's hair. No more shall he strictly meditate the thankless Muse. His crook and his muck-rake are to be exchanged for the pen of the scholar and the divine, and the keen intelligence which sparkles in his rustic eye, the grave thoughtfulness which marks his every lineament, the quick and sympathetic eagerness of apprehension which attracts us in his graceful smile, are all to be pressed into the service of sound theology and the highest Scriptural criticism. This, at least, is the brilliant picture suggested to the spectator of the proceedings of the Kingscote Agricultural Association. The annual ploughing matches of that apparently enlightened body have just taken place, and, it is said, with the greatest success. But what, after all, is the ploughing of the soil, when we think of the ploughing of the human mind? It must be a source of true comfort to every right-thinking person to find that at Kingscote, if nowhere else, the welfare of the earth is not more carefully thought of than the welfare of him who tills it. Besides giving prizes to the meritorious shepherd "who from a flock of fifty, or any greater number of ewes, shall rear the largest number of lambs and save the greatest number of ewes," to the man who has remained longest in his master's service, and so on, the Kingscote gentlemen have two prizes for "improving the mental and moral conditions of agricultural servants." A logician might perhaps complain of the division, a man's moral state being generally considered only a part of his mental state; but we forget trifles of this sort, and are lost in admiration and awe when we come to the means by which these benign agriculturists propose to improve the moral and intellectual condition of farm-servants. The most ingenious of men might go on guessing for ever without hitting the mark. He might suggest that paying them better wages would perhaps not be a bad way of improving their condition; or providing them with fairly decent cottages; or setting up more schools, and using all possible influence to make parents send their children to them. Or, if the Association was bent on endearing itself to the people by offering prizes, they might have been usefully awarded to the writer of the best copy, or to the man or woman who could spell a few dissyllables with the fewest slips. But the philanthropists of Kingscote scorn to take such low ground as this. So they make their "agricultural servants" write prize essays. Let us hasten to set before our readers the two subjects which were given on the present occasion. First, there came "An Account of the Life and Times of Daniel the Prophet, with Practical Reflections thereon." This sounds well. It has the right ring of the competitive examination about it. "Life" merely would not have done at all; but "Life and Times" makes it perfect. For his knowledge of the history of the period of Daniel the Prophet, for his "reflections" upon the significance of that epoch, and the practical lesson which it teaches to our own age, and, we presume, for the elegance and propriety of his diction, one Timothy Leonard received the sum of two pounds. The name of this village Ewald, this new critic and moralist, should go forth to Europe and the world. Luckier than Petrarach, who was crowned with laurel in the Capitol, Timothy Leonard has received two pounds at Kingscote. A laurel crown could not be worth more than fivepence or sixpence at the outside. Most blessed is Timothy Leonard among men and scholars. The exultation of a senior wrangler or a double-first must be held insignificant when we think of Timothy making his way up to the chair to pull the forelock of respect, and receive the two sovereigns which rewarded his erudition, amid the joyous grins of

his admiring brethren. Ample compensation this for the nights and days of toil in which, with much scratching of his perplexed crown, with many tortments of letters which would not shape themselves right, and words of subtle spelling and doubtful meaning, with the sore pain of recalling one or two rag-ends of sentences heard from the parson's lips, and shaping them into "practical reflections" on the life and times of Daniel, he had at length built up for himself a monument of renown more enduring than brass. The poet may no longer ask—

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade?

Or, if he does, the answer is ready—two pounds, and, in generous counties, a pair of corduroy breeches into the bargain.

The second subject was not so successful. The agricultural labourer or female servant under eighteen was asked to give "the best exposition" of the following sentence:—"Who was Gideon, and what were the means used to impress the power of God on the minds of men through him?" with practical reflections thereon. It is with pious sorrow that we have to announce the sad fact that for this there was no competition. We cannot help attributing this slackness to the use of the word "impress." The dissyllable, we suspect, proved a fatal hindrance to the progress of the literary hind. "Life" he knows, and "times" he knows, but what on earth is "impress?" Then, again, is not the sentence the least in the world too long to be easily followed by a set of people who can just manage to read and write, and who are very lucky if they can do that? A frivolous mind may refresh itself by thinking how poor Digory would scratch his pate over this mysterious set of words, but to the rest of us it is a serious thing. However, for some reasons we are thankful that Timothy Leonard and his scholarly friends did not turn their critical minds too curiously to the life and times of Gideon. A careful scrutiny of Gideon's history might have ruined everything, by turning Timothy Leonard into a second Colenso. The notion of men lapping like dogs, for example, might prove very trying to the grave and almost stolid mind of the agricultural labourer; and the repeated sacrifice of bullocks and the tampering with the fleeces might even stir up a professional resentment in his honest bosom. Against this, on the other hand, we must set the very pertinent fact that Gideon was also called by the truly consolatory and faith-inspiring name of Jerubbaal. A man must be very ignorant of the nature of rural theology who does not know the religious potency of such a word as this. It is only second to Mesopotamia. The faith of a whole parish may be bound up in words like Jerubbaal, and even a Colenso might shrink from assailing a fabric of belief with such bucolic foundations as this.

Poor Hodge of the fields! he is even worse off than his luckless brother in the towns. The artisan of the town is invited to spend his leisure hours in making a set of tea-things out of nut-shells, or in rigging little toy-boats, and he is dragged off to look at the tea-things and toy-boats which his friends have made. This is hard, certainly; but it is a great deal harder fate to be bullied by the benevolent master, and the patronizing parson, and the gushing Lady Bountiful, into writing a theological or moral essay. The dairymaid no sooner gets the butter and the cheeses out of the way, and her male companion no sooner gets the ewes and the lambs and the roots and the dung off his mind, than he and she are asked to grasp pens and write theological disquisitions, one against the other. It is true that the man's valuable essay may bring him in a couple of pounds, while sporting with Amaryllis or Neera in the shade might possibly cost him six pounds ten shillings per annum. And it is better to encourage a labourer to write essays on the life and times of Daniel, and the moral mission of Gideon, than to give him three pounds, as the Sparkenhoe Club does, for having a larger family than anybody else in the district. It is to be hoped, by the way, that the heroes of Sparkenhoe will read Mr. Henley's simple statement, made this week, that if the farmers are short of labour they will have to pay higher wages; and then perhaps the heroes will see that to produce large families, and so keep labour underpaid, is not such a fine thing after all. But it does not follow, because Sparkenhoe is altogether foolish, that Kingscote is altogether wise. The common notion among sensible persons is, that, after a spell of hard work, it is good to let the mind lie fallow awhile. Among the kind friends of the working-man, however, there seems to be some confusion between leaving land fallow and deluging it with liquid manure. They think that the mind is refreshed by the production or contemplation of sheer rubbish—the mind, that is to say, of the "son of toil," as they call a man who works for daily or weekly wages. Their own minds, it would seem, don't need the renovating process. Timothy Leonard's master would no doubt use very strong language if anybody pestered him to improve his mind in his leisure hours by writing an essay on the life and times of Daniel or Jerubbaal; only he would most likely not have the faintest notion who Jerubbaal was, and his ideas of Daniel even would probably be confined to something about a den of lions. Why does not somebody found prizes for "improving the mental and moral condition" of the landed gentry, and the rich manufacturers, and the country clergy? If the Kingscote Agricultural Association would do us the honour to accept any suggestion of ours, we would respectfully submit that next year their subject might be, "*The Life and Times of Balaam, with practical reflections on the part played by Asses in the world.*"

MEAT AND MURRAIN

II.

THERE are some symptoms of the turn of the tide in the price of meat, owing to the unusually large number of animals lately imported from the Continent. The total entries for the last week, as we learn from the Cattle Trade Return published at the Metropolitan Cattle-market, and which appeared in the *Times* of Tuesday, the 12th inst., were over 31,000 head against 10,708 in the corresponding week of last year, and little short of double the greatest number imported in any corresponding week during the last eight years. Beef accordingly went down in the market; whether it showed the same tendency on the butcher's counter is another question. Mutton, for prime samples, was firm, but the lower quality of meat came down between 2d. and 4d. a stone. It is a sure sign of a falling market when the lower qualities come down. In the first place, those qualities constitute the yield of the far larger proportion of animals, and their price is therefore the true index of the fact of a large general supply. In the second place, it is far more easy to "rig" the market so as to force up or maintain a price for the prime qualities, where the supply sold goes in a comparatively small number of well-ascertained channels; and further, as a last resort, the butcher, in case he finds a surplus of prime meat left on hand by the price being thus forced, can always sell it as second quality without losing on the whole, while the trade at large obtains the benefit of a high price, maintained against the consumer. However, it is as yet barely more than a tendency manifested which we have to record. But the consideration of the cause from which it proceeds serves to give it trustworthiness. It is that the high price is working its own cure, as it will do when left to itself, with no artificial impediments interposed. The authorities have not taken up with a foolish panic theory about the prevalent cattle disease being imported, and have not shut the ports against the shipments of half Europe. The consequence is a constant stream of imports of cattle in fine condition, which has probably not yet reached its maximum point. Last week the account was that beef was firm for all prime qualities, and that the price of mutton was still advancing. But the lower qualities of beef even then were shaky, and now the same downward tendency has overtaken the higher kinds; whereas in mutton, which was firm a week ago, the same vacillation is finding its way which was then perceptible in beef. These tokens, slight as they are individually, confirm one another; and similar facts at Liverpool confirm those which we have quoted at London. But if our readers expect that we are going to congratulate them on being able to obtain half an ounce more beef for sixpence than they could last week, they are much mistaken. We cannot trace here the fine labyrinth of exceptions according to which the immediate consequence does not follow which ought to follow the simple law of supply and demand. It may suffice to hint that Newgate and Leadenhall markets are highly artificial localities, and that the retailer's instinctive view of a trade interest is to keep the price up as long as he possibly can. Obviously, if a body of men, by banding together, can succeed in doing this even during a very few days, whilst the prices which they pay for stock are falling, they make profits of an exorbitant figure; and, by standing shoulder to shoulder, a good deal of pressure may no doubt be resisted which is tending to force the selling price down. We must leave the butchers then to struggle with destiny, and their customers to struggle with both.

We have the more reason to be thankful that, as regards the importation of cattle, no hindrances have been artificially devised, inasmuch as the natural tendency of the cattle disease, and of the alarm consequent upon it, is now showing itself in many provincial markets. The farmers are shy for the present of bringing their stock forwards, and are equally slow to purchase store cattle. Such is said to be the case at Carlisle, Malton, and Norwich, and in Wilts. There is a limited show, an unwillingness to risk, and a consequent stagnation of business. There is, we believe it will be found, also a special shrinking just now from the Metropolitan market. A herd or two which may have left their native pens in good condition and sickened owing to the troubles of transit, and then have been condemned for carrion by the inspectors on their arrival at Islington, would tend rather to discourage the grazier from further consignments, and shorten the provincial supply. Our most recent advices from the Cattle-market, unfortunately, do not distinguish the sources of supply; but there is little doubt, from the tone of the provincial markets, that it is as we have said. It remains to be seen what effect, in counteracting this not unnatural depression, the institution of insurance societies may have throughout the diseased or panic-stricken districts. A recent letter in the *Times*, signed "Thomas Dyke Acland, junior," stated some of the difficulties which stand in the way of establishing such associations. Those difficulties, probably, cannot be met by the farmers alone. They are likely to hesitate, and lose precious time, unless the landowners come forward. Now is the time, then, for the natural heads of rural society to "take occasion by the hand," and give the cue to those who stand waiting for it. The landed aristocracy have an opportunity of strengthening their influence in the most legitimate of all ways amongst their immediate dependents. We can hardly doubt that they will be equal to the crisis. After all that we have heard of the passion for improved breeds of stock, it will be a matter of surprise and reproach if the zeal which has been professed proves to be a mere fashionable bucolic taste, which makes no sign of sincerity in a season of distress. Systems of inspection, however,

perfect in their organization, and sanatoriums, however scientific in their treatment, can at best only prevent further infection; they cannot cure the existing alarm. We see nothing so likely to be effectual in restoring confidence as a system of county or district insurance societies; and in the encouragement of these, on sound principles, the name, the presence, and the purse of the local magnate will have an influence for which nothing can be substituted.

In a former article on this subject we pointed out the shallowness of the opinion which ascribed the cattle typhus to a foreign source, and which denounced importation from abroad as the vehicle of the mischief. That view has since been adopted amongst the chief organs of opinion in the daily press. We also pointed out that, although the then existing high price of butchers' meat was not, probably, owing to the disease, this latter might eventually aggravate it; and that period, we think, has now been reached. It is true that the arrivals from abroad seem now to be inclining the scale the other way, but still, up to Monday the 4th inst., the evidence of prices and the state of public feeling showed that the tendency was operating. As a fact in contrast with the readiness with which the contamination of English herds was ascribed to "Dutch cattle," in the first outburst of the alarm, we may notice that the disease is just now proclaimed in Holland as having appeared in thirteen parishes in the neighbourhood of Rotterdam, and as having committed its greatest ravages at Kethel, where it is said to have first broken out "among a cargo of cattle not admitted into England." This language would seem to imply that the cattle in question had been shipped to England from some port unknown, had been there rejected as unsound, and had in the course of trade found their way, by a re-shipment, to Holland, where some incautious burgo-master had allowed the tainted herd to land. But there is obviously no means of testing the facts alleged. If this be the genuine first appearance of the disease in Dutch dairies, the cattle masters there will hear with some chagrin that we, who have been familiar with the evil to some extent since June last, were inclined to father its origin upon them.

The opinion, however, of the origin of the disease being to be sought in Russia has lately had one or two supporters who deserve some notice. The *Times* of the 8th inst. contained a report by the French Minister of Agriculture, who looks upon it as originally due, wherever it may appear, to importations from Russia, but as being migratory in its character, and therefore capable of being easily transported, as he conceives it has been in the present case, from Revel to London. He adds that, whereas in the last century it made its appearance in France about once every twenty years, that country had, through improved regulations, enjoyed an immunity from it for the last half-century—since the time, in short, when, we suppose, it followed the bivouac of the Cossacks in the Champs Elysées. If the theory of M. Behic is good for anything—that is to say, if the movement of large masses of armed men, being necessarily attended with that of large numbers of cattle, all the conditions of whose well-being are necessarily subordinated to military considerations, tends to propagate the *rinderpest*—then the First Napoleon must surely have been one of its most active disseminators, and the chances would be at least as much in favour of its having followed the French eagles from the banks of the Seine to Moscow as of its having attended the march of the allied armies upon Paris. It is needless to add that the report in question does not refer to any of these facts of so much interest fifty years ago. But the period which it fixes on as that of the last appearance of the *rinderpest* in France synchronizes so exactly with them that we may be pardoned the attempt to unveil this delicate historical allusion on the part of M. Behic. As regards Russia itself, when we consider what the peasants of that country still are, and what probably is the condition and treatment of animals while man is such as there we find him, there will be little reason to doubt that the disease now specifically designated as a cattle-typhus may probably enough be chronic there. And we may pass on to admit the explanation offered by Professor Dembinsky before the Metropolitan Cattle-plague Committee, as reported in the *Times* of the 9th inst., to the effect that it is constantly generated among the large herds of cattle which are yearly driven from the pastures of Podolia to the centres of population and outlets of commerce in the direction of the gulfs of Riga and Finland. The Professor says that, finding no congenial fodder nor suitable water-supply on their passage through the steppes, they reach the marshy region in the neighbourhood of the coast in an exhausted and depressed condition, and that there the water, being stagnant, becomes during the hot weather rife with malaria, so that they reach Riga, Memel, and other ports tainted with disease. All this sounds perfectly probable, but then all this has been going on for years. The same objection—namely, that the account given proves, if anything, far too much—will be found to apply to all the various hypotheses in favour of ascribing the disease to close stowage on shipboard, to overcrowding in railway trucks, to over-close penning, and a low standard of cleanliness in the market itself. There never was a time when the progress of cattle to the metropolitan market was not attended with acute suffering to the creatures principally concerned; at any rate with such excessive discomfort and derangement of normal habits as to huddle them in masses together at the end of their voyage, or march, in a state of lowered vitality and reduced physical power. Have porters, drovers, and all the mongrel population who wait upon their progress become exceptionally brutal in the year 1865? Or have the arrangements of the market authorities become suddenly changed for the worse? All these

conditions of over-driving, over-crowding, under-feeding, and under-cleansing may predispose towards the disease, or may tend to disseminate it and aggravate its intensity; but none of them, nor probably all of them concurrently, seem able to produce it. Probably some of the more subtle atmospheric conditions essential to bovine life have been disturbed, and science pauses on the threshold of a mystery, waiting watchfully upon Providence to disclose its secret cause.

Since the preceding remarks were written, a pamphlet by Mr. James Moore, M.R.C.V.S., has met our eye, containing an able sketch of the history, progress, and symptoms of the disorder, and taking, although in more scientific language, much the same view of its origin as that suggested in this article. It concludes with a proposal to treat the disease homoeopathically, on which we shall not venture specifically to pronounce. We would only say, let every method be tried in which there seems to be any hope. The cases appear likely to be numerous enough to offer an ample field for every practitioner. Lord Granville's herdsman is said to have invited all veterinary theorists who had any practical suggestion to offer to try their skill or their specific on diseased members of his herd. He does not seem to have found that "safety" which is proverbially ascribed to "the multitude of counsellors"; but we think that only by adopting such a system of openness to suggestions on every side can we hope to seize the clue to any discovery of practical value.

The Committee of Privy Council have not been inactive as far as the circulation of orders goes. They authorize the appointment of inspectors, and offer them pay at a guinea a day during the performance of their duties, besides a mileage for travelling, in districts infected or in which infection is apprehended; and they have put forward a memorandum, drawn up by Dr. Thudichum, on the method of disinfection, which ought certainly to have appeared before. We can see no reason why such a digest of rules, with whatever sanction can be conveyed to them by Government authority, should not have been set forth a month ago, save the barrier perhaps interposed by grouse and partridge between statesmen and their duties. As regards the rules themselves, they aim at being exhaustive, and perhaps may prove so. They give, at any rate, an alarming picture of the minuteness and subtlety with which infection spreads, in their enumeration of the articles to which the duty of disinfection extends, and in their elaborate detail of the searching and probing purgation to which they propose that such articles should be submitted. It seems that a diseased animal will certainly give its attendant ten or twenty times the trouble of a sound one. This will offer a premium in favour of killing and burying it offhand, in preference to diffusing over the homestead an atmosphere of chloride of lime, in which ministering gnomes in patent safety dresses, something like that of the diver at the Polytechnic, flit to and fro fifty times in an hour with pail, besom, and scrubbing-brush. The public panic rises highest in the meetings of the Common Council, among whom good sense and good manners, to judge from the reports of the daily prints, seem to have disappeared for the present. As regards knowledge of the question and temperance of tone, they seem about equally at fault. It is not difficult to acquire so much practical knowledge of the facts of the case as may stop some absurd proposals and cut short some angry discussions, and those who will take pains in this particular are less likely to show their acuteness in snubbing others. The committees who meet at the Mansion House seem in a very helpless state. They have got as far as getting a letter of advice through the Home Office, from a Professor whose competency to advise they seem to doubt, which letter they refer to the "Cattle-plague Committee," and there the matter drops. The fact is, we want some demonstration of far more energetic action on the part of Government, to keep these highly respectable bodies, so far as they can be kept, from talking nonsense and wasting time.

In conclusion, we hope that the discussions to which this national affliction is giving rise may lead to some greater general tenderness for the comfort of man's first fellow-labourer, the ox, now that his chief value is found as a prime article of diet. The prolonged and wholly needless sufferings to which, on board ship and in railway trucks, these gentle and susceptible creatures are habitually subjected on their way to execution, are a rebuke to our humanity and a disgrace to our civilization. A shilling a mile was, we believe, the rate of damage supposed to be incurred in driving a fat beast up to the London market; and now that railway conveyance is substituted for the more primitive one in use "before the iron horse was foaled," the rate is said to have increased rather than diminished. Nine-tenths, probably, of what they undergo from exhaustion, thirst, weariness, crushing and crowding, is a gratuitous infliction alike of loss to the owner and of suffering to the cattle. Here, then, the charity which "begins at home" should concur with that more genuine tenderness which is "merciful to the beast"; and both should bring out of this present evil of the *rinderpest* the benefit of a more thoughtful and considerate method of treating the creatures who so largely supply the wants, comforts, and luxury of our beef-eating race.

RUSSIA AND BOKHARA.

SOME time ago, in exposing the wild story of a Russian defeat in Central Asia, we briefly drew attention to what was really passing there. We noticed that, far from the States of Kokan and Bokhara being united to repel the Russian invasion, there was actually war between the two; and that the Bokharians had just

defeated the Kokanian army and occupied the southern part of Kokan. As the Russians occupied the northern part, the existence of Kokan as an independent State was at an end, and what seemed imminent was a quarrel between Russia and Bokhara about their shares of the fallen State. Since we wrote, a somewhat remarkable series of events has come to pass, and the quarrel that seemed imminent has broken out. We have not many details, the Russian narratives recording the facts in vague, and not always consistent, outline; but as the story introduces a new act in the drama which is being played out in those regions, and is curious in itself, it may be worth repeating.

The Russian Government, as is well known, has been for some time extremely anxious to disclaim any intention of extending its frontier beyond the solid line which it established last year in Kokan; and the difficulty for the official newspapers, in describing the events of this year's campaign, has been to show that the apparent advance beyond that line is quite consistent with the abandonment of annexation schemes. The line of last year included almost the whole of the right bank of the Syr-Daria river, from its source in the mountain barrier of Western China to its outflow far to the west in the Sea of Aral, the only portion not included being an angle of land in the upper valley, formed by the river bending from a westerly into a north-westerly course. In that angle lay the city of Taschkent, said to contain a hundred thousand inhabitants, and at any rate the commercial capital of Kokan, and of considerable size, being at least ten miles in circumference. Its possession would give to Russia every place of importance on the right bank of the river—in fact, complete possession of the whole right bank; while its commercial importance, as the centre of much of the traffic between Southern Siberia and the Tartar States, would add enormously to the ascendancy of Russia among its neighbours there. But the Russians disclaim all such motives in seizing Taschkent. They entered on the campaign accidentally, and its result was unforeseen. They began by merely sending out a corps of observation from the centre of their permanent line, Tchemkest, to "observe" the victorious army from Bokhara, whose unknown intentions made it necessary to watch that no encroachment was attempted on Russian territory. Thus enticed out of Tchemkest, the "corps of observation" was also drawn into active hostilities, although the Bokharian army kept out of the way. Their old enemies, the Kokanians, would not let them pursue their tour of observation in peace. Happening to encamp near a Kokanian fort, Nias-Bek, the guns of the place suddenly opened fire, and a Kokanian force in the neighbourhood attacked the Russian camp; but, though taken unawares, the Russians warmly responded, defeated the enemy, and captured the garrison of the fort. This was on the 8th of May. The Kokanian general, on his way to take the Bokharian army in rear by moving up the right bank of the river, the Bokharians being on the left bank, heard of the defeat of a portion of his troops by the Russians, and, forgetting for a moment the Bokharians, thought he could first easily dispose of the small Russian detachment. On the 21st, he accordingly attacked the Russian camp, which had not been moved from its former position, but after a keen fight he was defeated and himself killed, while 300 of his army were also slain, and many weapons were thrown away in the flight. The Russian losses, as in the first engagement, were insignificant, their artillery enabling them to inflict great loss on the enemy, with but little to themselves. After this there was a pause of some weeks, the Russian general remaining inactive before Taschkent, where the Kokanians were collecting in strength. He at length resolved to assault the place. His motive, as we first learned from the St. Petersburg journals, was to anticipate the Bokharian army, of whose position and doings, however, since their defeat of the Kokanian army, we had heard nothing. He also desired, they said, to complete the work of the previous year by dispersing the remains of the Kokanian army, which still threatened the Russian frontier. The assault took place on the 27th of June, and after a fierce struggle, which lasted the whole day and a good part of the next, ended in the capture of Taschkent, with the loss of 25 killed and 90 wounded—the only serious loss to the Russians in the campaign. Of the enemy's loss we have no particulars, beyond the statement that the Russians gathered up about 60 pieces of cannon and a vast quantity of *matériel*; but if they fought as obstinately as they are said to have done, erecting numerous barricades, and only being driven from street to street, and house to house, at the point of the bayonet, their loss in killed and wounded must have been very great. The wonder is that the Russian loss is so small; but, so far as the Russian achievements are concerned, we must accept with considerable caution a narrative which includes the pursuit of 5,000 Tartar cavalry by a few troops of Cossacks. After this affair, we were for some time led to suppose that the Bokharians were quite agreeable, and would continue as before on the best of terms with the Russians, who, on their part, were glad at last to have for neighbour a State with which they had always been friendly, and whose important trade made its people and sovereign anxious for peace. But lately we received very different news. It is now stated that the Russians, in capturing Taschkent, had simply complied with the invitation of the people of the town, who wished to be rid of the Kokanian chief who had possessed himself of the place; and that the people, owing to the reluctance of the Russians, had also sent a similar invitation to the Bokharians. The latter, in consequence, felt very much aggrieved at the ultimate promptitude of the Russians in doing the work: they reckoned the capture of Tasch-

kent an insult to their race and faith, and appeared in a threatening manner in the neighbourhood. The Russians, to bring the haughty and fanatical sovereign of Bokhara to reason, imprisoned the Bokharian merchants at Orenburg, and confiscated their goods, and they say he has since become more civil, and withdrawn his threats; but at the same time they fear that he may only be quietly collecting a larger army, with the view of attempting to capture Taschkent, out of which he considers himself cheated.

Such is the Russian story of the quarrel—undoubtedly a very curious one; but, without commenting on it, let us see what kind of war Russia must embark in should the Bokharian sovereign prove obstinate. The State of Bokhara lies a little to the south-west of Kokan, and a desert, which it is a week's journey to cross, divides them. That desert, however, has not prevented the Bokharians from frequently invading Kokan, and for a time setting up their own authority there, or some native chief in subservience to them. From the south-west borders of Kokan the territory of Bokhara, whose boundaries are very undefined owing to the desert on all sides surrounding it, extends to the Amu-Daria, which, at three or four hundred miles distance, pursues a course to the Sea of Aral parallel to that of the Syr-Daria. Bokhara therefore occupies the greater part of the upper valley of the Amu-Daria, as Khiva, the only other Tartar State that is yet independent, occupies the lower part. The population of Bokhara is estimated at about two and a half millions, partly settled in towns or engaged in agriculture, and partly composed of tribes of Usbek shepherds. The capital, Bokhara, contains about 50,000 or 60,000 inhabitants—some travellers give a higher estimate; and the second largest town, Samarcand, the nearest to Kokan, about 25,000. With Russia a large commerce is carried on in cotton, silk, and other productions of the country; but there is also a considerable trade with India through Afghanistan. The sovereign has a standing army of at least 30,000 men, principally horsemen, but he could raise far more numerous levies. Such is the country which Russia has now to encounter; and of course the warfare will be very different from endless contests with scattered desert tribes, or with the factions of a State like Kokan, nearly as populous as Bokhara, but never opposing a united front against an enemy. The contest with Bokhara, indeed, must be very nearly on the scale of our war with Afghanistan, five-and-twenty years ago. That the Russians appreciate the fact is shown by the extent of their preparations. Two regiments, it is said, or about 6,000 men, are ordered from the Caucasus, proceeding by steam across the Caspian, then marching 500 miles over the desert to the Sea of Aral, and thence by steam up the Syr-Daria—how far is not stated, but that river is navigable to the neighbourhood of Taschkent. Reinforcements in great numbers are also marching a distance of 700 or 800 miles over the steppe, from Orenburg to the northern shores of the Sea of Aral, whence their journey will also be continued by steam. With the force already in Taschkent, the Russians will probably, in a couple of months, concentrate there between 15,000 and 20,000 men, which might be expected to defeat with ease the greater numbers of Bokhara, inferior in discipline and arms. The way in which reinforcements are being moved well illustrates the change effected by the Russian occupation of the region. Twenty-five years ago, when an expedition was dispatched from Orenburg against Khiva, the winter was selected, for in summer there was no water in the deserts for an army. The winter's snow overwhelmed the army which would have perished in summer of thirst. Now, however, there is no difficulty in marching in summer. The reason is, that for many years the Russians have been digging wells on all the great roads through the deserts; and though the marches are slow, and the distances great, a very large army, so far as natural difficulties are concerned, could be safely marched to Khiva or Bokhara, and even to Afghanistan, as is now being done to Kokan. The dangers of twenty-five years ago are abolished, and the facilities for transporting troops are being increased with the continuance and increased extent of the occupation.

The most interesting question is whether the Bokharians will persevere in their hostility, and whether, even if they do not persevere, the Russians are likely, as they profess, to rest content with the line they took up last year. The Imperial general, Tchemaieff, appears to be very skilful and prudent, playing with his adversaries till he gets a favourable opportunity for striking a crushing blow; but at present the Russians are so outnumbered that they may possibly sustain a temporary defeat, which would naturally encourage the Bokharians beyond measure. There is also some reason to believe that the sovereign of Bokhara, which is most ultra-Mahomedan and fanatical, is urged on by his subjects, and that he dare not make peace with the infidel if he would. The Russians, besides, accuse him of cherishing a project to gain back from them much of the country they have annexed during the last few years. All this may compel them to further aggressions in self-defence. But we confess we see no ground for believing that the Russians are sincere in their declared intentions to extend their frontier no further. They even now say they are willing to retire from Taschkent, "but the necessary condition of their retreat is the abstinence of the Emir of Bokhara" from attempting to take the place. But, if they had been sincere, they would never have been in Taschkent, which, being more than fifty miles off, was not so near their frontier as to make them concerned for the Bokharians occupying it. They could not, however, resist seizing so tempting a prize, which it is not very likely they will let go; and it is a curious fact that descriptions of the new province of Turkestan,

published in St. Petersburg last spring, included this very town of Tashkent as the principal one in the province. The quarrel with Bokhara supplies the needed pretext for the conquest of all Independent Tartary. The force now being assembled at Tashkent will probably be sufficient to carry the Russian arms to the upper course of the Amu-Daria, which would then, like the Syr-Daria, become a Russian river, navigable by steamers from the Sea of Aral, in spite of the difficult channels at its mouth. In such a position, the State of Khiva, enveloped on every side, would count for nothing. We do not think the Russians will hesitate to complete the work which the labours of many years have prepared, and to seat themselves securely in the heart of Asia, enveloping Persia, and looking towards India, with steam communication established almost the whole way from the heart of the Empire at Nijni-Novgorod to within nearly a hundred miles of Cabul.

THE BAGMAN'S LAMENT.

A PECULIARLY touching appeal has just been made to public opinion on behalf of a meritorious but much misunderstood set of men. We are asked to save the bagman from himself and the customs of his order, and it will evidently need all the force of the national indignation to rescue him from the degradation, and his family from the misery and ruin, entailed by the mischievous and soul-destroying laws of his calling. As we are fervently assured, every time an industrial exhibition is opened, that nothing is more important than that the various classes of the community should become familiar with one another, it must be a proper thing to seize the occasion for learning something of the inner life of the commercial traveller. The picture is a highly remarkable one, alike socially and physiologically, and the artist has not even spared touches of genuine dramatic interest. The curse from which the bagman is crying, with an exceeding loud and bitter cry, to be delivered, is a pint of hotel wine in the middle of the day. This pint of wine is like a fallen angel brooding luridly, with baleful wings, over the commercial scene. A ruined digestion, an emptied purse, an impoverished family, a miserable life, and an early grave are the common sequel of this malignant pint. Behind the traveller all the week sits the dark pint, like the grim Care of the poet. Even his Sabbath calm is turned into misery by the dire prospect of the six pints which he will have to swallow ere another Sabbath dawns. Why should such things be? "Why," as the impassioned advocate of the class demands, "should they be subject to the everyday risk to their health of consuming at mid-day a pint of hotel wine?" The way in which this *severa Necessitas* overtakes her commercial victim is one of the most entertaining processes that ever were heard of. But though it is fun to us, it is death to the bagman. The traveller finds at mid-day that his customers are all at dinner, so he makes the best of the time by getting his own dinner. He enters the commercial room, over whose door it would seemingly be a very appropriate thing to write up the famous inscription about abandoning hope. He finds a well-laid-out table, and perhaps somebody waiting for dinner. With the well-known courtesy of their class, "they exchange a friendly greeting." At one o'clock they take their seats, the first in the room being "Mr. President," and the new-comer "Mr. Vice." From this we gather that the last remnant of the solemn etiquette and imposing ceremoniousness of more chivalrous times lingers in the commercial room. The stately courtesy of the past lives in the heart and manners of the British bagman. Even in drinking their wine they do not dispense with courtly ceremonies. As a traitor to his order puts it in a letter to the *Times*, they only drink after a "great deal of bowing and scraping and ridiculous toasts." But this is only what it should be. The dignified distinctions of Mr. President and Mr. Vice are the surviving relics of an age when one man was not always thought as good as another. To be sure, the accident on which supremacy turns is not befitting the epoch of competitive examination. Might not the honourable post be conferred on the victor in some preliminary trial of eating or drinking, or both? However, our distinguished pair find themselves seated before soup and fish, followed by a leg of mutton and a turkey, with a course of sweets and cheese. For this substantial meal the landlord, by the dread laws of the great unwritten Bagmanic Code, is forbidden to charge more than two shillings. And here it is that the fatal pint comes upon the stage as the stern minister of justice, the redresser of grievances. The knot in this case is clearly worthy of the descent of the god from the machine, of Bacchus from the cask. The landlord cannot charge enough for his dinner, which the men do want, so the only plan is to let him charge too much for something which they do not want. The amazing ingenuity of this device must fill the dullest mind with admiration. And it is repeated in the evening. The code forbids the landlord to charge one of these favoured sons of commerce more than a shilling for his bed, so justice is done by the enforced consumption of a shilling's worth of spirits. Then we must remember that great law of the human mind, that one thing leads to another. The pint is the father of the bottle, and a man who takes one glass of spirit and water is easily seduced into a second and a third. But the spirit of night is not so noxious as the spirit, falsely called wine, of the middle of the day. After the nightly glass comes slumber, but after the noon-day pint comes business. As the author of the lament justly says:—"Now, who likes to drink a pint of wine at such an hour, and then have to do business the whole afternoon?" Certainly, a man must have extraordinary force of character as well as the stomach of an ostrich, commonly

supposed capable of digesting a tenpenny nail, who could profess that he liked to haggle and bargain and dispute about figures and prices, and qualities of wares, immediately after swallowing a plateful of soup, a piece of fish, a couple of slices of a leg of mutton, a wing and part of the breast of a turkey, and a mass of pastry, all washed down with a pint of mild poison. Wine maketh glad the heart of man, but not so the debased concoctions of an English commercial inn in a provincial town. So one may behold the tragic spectacle of "young fellows new to the road, with red eyes and muddled brains, leaving mid-day dinners for a difficult afternoon's work." Surely it would be wise in the employers of these young fellows to imitate the example of Trajan, who occasionally overstepped the sober boundaries. But, very prudently, Trajan, we learn, "curari vetuit jussa post longiores epulas," which in the case of a bagman is equivalent to forbidding any orders to be attended to after a longish meal at mid-day. "Many strongly object to having to take wine; others, God help them! think they have done the fast thing by doing so."

But though so many of this great order are thus mild as doves, and allow themselves to be forced to do or suffer what they hate by the thieves among whom they fall by the way, it is a comfort to think that others are wise as serpents. Many men, we are told, when travelling, "never dine at all, but make up for lost time at a meat tea, which the landlord, by the same unwritten laws, must only charge one shilling and ninepence for." There is a fearful significance in the apparently harmless phrase, "make up for lost time." A famished and dinnerless bagman making up for lost time must be something appalling. It suggests deeds of nameless horror. A meat tea at any time, and even in private life, is a fearful and wonderful conception; but in the case of a man who habitually goes without his dinner, it must grow to be a huge and shapeless nightmare. The victim of the pint may feel his wrongs avenged, as he sits by in drowsy stupor, and watches the tea of the man who makes it a principle never to dine when on the road, and who perhaps has not dined for weeks. The profits extorted from the three-shilling pint of the dove must be more than swallowed up in the one-and-ninepenny tea of the serpent. No man with a sense of true pathos will be able to think on such a scene of stomachic anarchy without a shudder. Whether we turn to the stupefied being who, after a difficult afternoon's business, transacted under the fiendish inspiration of vile sherry or vile port, is ready to wish that the day may perish wherein he was born, or to the craftier brother "making up for lost time" and lack of dinner, the spectacle is equally tragic. Physiologically viewed, it fills one with a nervous awe; while, socially, its effects, like those of all other outrages on physiology, are unspeakably shocking. "The money spent on pints and bottles of wine, not to mention the spirits, during a twenty or thirty years' life on the road, must mount to a large sum, and partly accounts for the touching appeals to the commercial public that one so frequently sees stuck in commercial-room looking-glasses in behalf of the members of travellers' families who have been by the father's death left utterly unprovided for." Still it impresses us in a very striking way with the durability of human institutions when we reflect that these ordinances have ruled bagmen for countless generations, and that probably any one who should, otherwise than anonymously, suggest the slightest change, would do so in the ancient fashion, with a halter round his neck. The elders of the order, most potent, grave, and well-seasoned, would die the death of martyrs rather than admit a change in these time-honoured observances. The readers of *Orley Farm* have not forgotten the sore punishment which befel Mr. Moulder for his contumacious disregard of the sacred rites of the commercial room. He must be a Huss or a Luther among bagmen who should ask the landlord to let him pay an extra shilling for his dinner, or dispense with some of its substantial luxuries, instead of being made to pay for the hateful and unnecessary pint.

After all, the worst part of the matter is that bagmen are not the only sufferers from similar tyrannies of custom. Anybody whom ill fortune ever compels to use a provincial inn—and the same is just as true of most London hotels—is apt to feel himself bound to pay for the horrid draught. A man of ordinary weakness or amiability invariably conciliates his host by ordering trash which he does not want, and which he knows to be trash. If he does not, the landlord will probably revenge himself by damp sheets or an uneatable dinner and an extortionate bill, or, at the best, the champion of independence will feel a trifle uncomfortable in the consciousness that he is not doing at Rome as the Romans do. Even in the matter of mid-day dinners the commercial travellers do not err alone. Among the lower and middle commercial class in this country it is rather the rule than the exception to violate all sensible principles by doing a hard afternoon's work after a substantial dinner. In the great commercial towns of the North most people dine at one or two, or else lunch then, and go home to that barbarous repast, a meat tea. A Parisian man of business never thinks of dining till his work is done, and if he makes each working-day a little shorter in consequence, he perhaps gains in other ways. A cheerful and buoyant spirit is worth not a little, and it is certainly not to be secured by a man who works hard when he has just had a heavy dinner, whether with or without the execrable pint. However, it may be some consolation to the desponding bagman, in his hour of dyspepsia or hypochondria, to remember that there are a great many other people as foolish or as unfortunate as himself.

THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

MANY years since, a Dean made himself notorious by stopping the musical festival at York. Objecting to some feature in the programme—which he wished to have entirely under his own control—he closed the doors of his cathedral in the face of a profane mob of singers and players, and thus virtually abolished an institution which had promised to become both permanent and useful. At the meetings of the Choirs of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford things are differently managed. About seventy years ago, the least tolerant section of the clerical party was strong enough to dispense with the festival at Hereford; but as, at the same time, the claims of the widows and orphans could not be overlooked, it was resolved to meet them by private subscription. The result, however, showed that oratorios were greater attractions than sermons; or, at any rate, that a sermon followed by Handel's *Messiah* was infinitely more fruitful than a sermon without the *Messiah* to back it up. So, from that time onward, the Choirs were allowed to assemble every year, at one of the three cities, and celebrate their Festival in the cathedral church. A more graceful and harmless way of turning the pleasure derivable from the manifestations of a beautiful art into a channel for the supply of an admirable charity could scarcely be imagined; and to the credit of those in authority it should be added that, with rare exceptions, the successive Bishops and Deans of the three dioceses have not only refrained from opposing the performances of sacred music in their cathedrals, but, by their personal countenance and princely hospitality, have materially assisted the cause. In the dioceses of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford there are nearly 150 livings with an income of 100*l.*, and out of this pittance, it is clear, the holders can do no more than furnish themselves with the bare necessities of existence. That they should be able to put by anything for the future wants of those who may survive them, will hardly be expected. If then, as appears evident, the diocesan clerical institutions, deprived of the aid of the music-meetings, must depend for revenue exclusively upon the clergy and their belongings, the widows and orphans of the most hard-worked and ill-paid labourers in Christ's vineyard would be in a sad plight. Of recent years the Festivals have been the means of enriching this particular charity with an average yearly contribution of at least 1,000*l.*, which has enabled the diocesan institutions to give to each widow on the Fund an annual stipend of 20*l.*, and to each orphan of 15*l.* Now, there are still many candidates whose claims it is desirable to recognise; but to abolish the Festivals would be to make any further extension of the benefits of the charity impossible. Moreover, it is on all sides admitted that the average annual 1,000*l.* of which we have spoken could never be obtained through private subscription alone. The money comes to a very large extent from the noblemen and gentlemen possessing property in the three counties; and as we most frequently read of a great step on behalf of a charitable object being preceded by a dinner, so it seems that the noblemen and gentlemen of the three counties require the charitable instincts within them to be moved to action by the stimulating effects of a banquet of good music. The conduct of the Festival lies entirely with them. They alone are responsible for loss; and if by chance there is a surplus, it invariably goes to the charity. Not a penny that finds its way into the plates is appropriated by them in case of a deficit, however large. So that we are really unable to perceive what the question of economy, urged in some quarters, has to do with the matter. Whatever the Stewards may be out of pocket is exclusively their own affair. Grant the Festival, and from 1,000*l.* to 1,200*l.* or even 1,300*l.* is added to the fund; forbid the Festival, and the fund remains *in statu quo ante*. Besides, the county families like to meet periodically on common ground, with a common object in view. The music-meetings, from a very small beginning, in 1723—thirty-six years before Handel died—have grown into important institutions; and they form just such occasions as bring such people naturally and agreeably together. The aristocratic and wealthy inhabitants of the counties are proud of them. London, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and other great towns, send special reporters to record their proceedings; and the Festivals are talked about from one end of the kingdom to the other. This flatters the county vanity in a very innocent way, and a great good is effected without an atom of prejudice to any one. It has been proposed to do away with the collections at the doors of the cathedrals after the morning performances, and to make up for the loss by increasing the charges of admission. But, odious as the system of plate-begging may appear to some, we do not think the proposed alternative a good one. It would be merely robbing Peter to pay Paul.

The Festival just held at Gloucester—the 142nd meeting of the Three Choirs—appears to have been one of the most successful on record. And yet things looked ominous at the outset. A new Bishop had arisen who knew not oratorios, and a new Dean who did not like them. It was current that these dignitaries had expressed their intention of absenting themselves during the week, and it was believed that Dean Law had granted the use of the cathedral under protest. Our zealous contemporary, the *Record*, with whom this Low-Church Dean is in especial favour, and who considers the Festivals as a desecration of the house of God, gloated over the fact that, after “politely informing the stewards,” “in terms as cold as he could freeze,” that the cathedral “on this occasion would not be withholden,” the Dean “positively refused” to deliver the sermon for the charity—mindless of the

precedent set by those rigidly evangelical fathers in God, the Bishops Ryder and Baring, who had consented to preach on similar occasions. Not less exultant was the *Record* in stating another fact—that “the good Dean” had followed the Bishop in his flight from Gloucester, and that, in consequence, both the episcopal throne and the decanal stall would be vacant “at a gathering in which it is too obvious that the honour of God is not the first object, and that the world has the mastery.” Common sense might ask why, if this was really the feeling of the Dean—and if he further considered the Festival a “daring profanity,” relying “for its attraction as much on the ball-room as on the house of God, and desecrating the most solemn words of inspiration for the entertainment of a pleasure-seeking crowd”—he granted the use of the Cathedral at any time or under any circumstances. But as the ball was not, any more than the evening concerts, held in the church, the sophistication is as plain as it is impertinent. Nevertheless, matters looked singularly unpromising. High-Church as represented by the Bishop, and Low-Church by the Dean, were both of a mind. Bishop Ellicott had selected festival-week to cross “from Lauterbrunnen over the Tschingel glacier to Kandersteg”—a feat which he appears to have accomplished with admirable success; Dean Law had gone no one knew where, and two of the Canons had followed the example of their superior. Gloucester was downhearted, but gradually waxed wroth. The local papers contained fulminating “leaders,” in which the ecclesiastics were treated with but slight respect; while the *Record* came in for a goodly and by no means unmerited share of obloquy. The only point they would condescend to discuss—and indeed the only point worth discussion—was whether the performance of sacred music in cathedrals was a desecration of those sacred edifices, an employment of them, so to say, *in usum litiæ*. This our contemporaries indignantly denied, strengthening their argument with the words of a canon of the Church, known and respected for his devotion to the interests of the Festivals:—“No pulpit eloquence ever moved the hearts of the multitude like the music of the *Messiah*, no picture of the immortality of the soul from preacher's lips has caused the tears of thousands to start like the singing of the lovely air, ‘I know that my Redeemer liveth.’”

But these drawbacks were not all that made anticipation gloomy. Since the last meeting of the Choirs, at Hereford (1864), Mr. Amott, organist of Hereford Cathedral and for many years conductor of the Festival, had died. His successor was Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, from Winchester—a famous musician, it is true, but remarkable, if report was to be relied on, no less for eccentricity than for talent. The arrangements of Dr. Wesley for the musical part of the Festival were criticized in anything but favourable terms. That he had made one or two very serious blunders can hardly be denied. His greatest mistake was to dispense with the services of a tenor incomparably the greatest singer in oratorio we possess, and with those of a contralto who, long as she has been before the public, is still confessedly unequalled in her line. The tenor was Mr. Sims Reeves, the contralto Madame Sainton-Dolby. In place of the first, Dr. Wesley had engaged Dr. Gunz, from Her Majesty's Theatre—an artist untried in oratorio and unacquainted with the English language; in place of the last, he had secured two young ladies of whom nobody had heard. Then Dr. Wesley entertained peculiar notions of conducting—traditions of a certain Festival at Hereford, which he had directed thirty years ago, while organist of Hereford Cathedral. True, he could scarcely prove a worse conductor than his immediate predecessor, Mr. Amott, the least competent of the three local organists who have so long presided respectively over the meetings of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester; but from a recluse since thirty years, who now came forward with an inexperienced baton, at the caprice of an obstinate will, nothing very good was to be expected. Thus, in the belief of many, the Gloucester Festival of 1865 was not only to be the last, but, in an artistic sense, the least satisfactory ever given. But *l'homme propose et Dieu dispose*; the actual results showed the reverse of what had been anticipated. As the Festival gradually advanced the croakers were gradually silenced; and the upshot was that the 142nd meeting of the Choirs—if, judged from a musically critical point of view, not one of the most unexceptionally creditable on record—turned out at any rate far better than had been expected, while in a commercial sense it was wonderfully prosperous.

As matters mended, a more cheerful and indeed a more charitable view began to be taken of everything and everybody. Bishop Ellicott's London labours, as one of the Lords Spiritual, had been severe, and he needed repose and change of scene; so he left Gloucester and “did” the glacier. Moreover, the Bishop had never declined to preach the Charity Sermon, but had merely requested that he might not be asked to preach it. As for Dean Law, not only had he granted the use of his Cathedral (the *Record* and the “freeze” were no longer hinted at), but placed his deanery in charge of Lord Ellenborough, who was spending 150*l.* a-day in dispensing hospitality. To conclude, the Dean had never harboured a thought of withholding the Cathedral, or he would have considered it his duty to apprise the organist and conductor, Dr. Wesley, of his intention—inasmuch as the abolition of the music meetings would considerably diminish that gentleman's professional emoluments, which might have induced him to be chary of abandoning his old post at Winchester for another not otherwise more honourable or more profitable at Gloucester. The Dean of Chichester, who preached at the Cathedral on the Sunday after

the Festival, did not, of course, enter into explanations such as these; but he is reported to have uttered something from the pulpit about the "anonymous assassins of the press" (or words to that effect), which in the minds of many of his hearers set things all to rights. It little matters, however, what influence may have caused the change of tone in certain quarters. The Dean of Chichester could not have meant that the *Record* allowed "anonymous assassins" to make unscrupulous use of its columns; and so the observation may be accepted as against those journals which, taking the *Record* as an authority, wrote accordingly. Enough that the Festival has proved a great success, and that at present there is no idea of its being the last. Mr. J. H. Brown, the secretary, has already, we are told, obtained the names of fifty stewards for the next meeting (1868), and there is small question but that the number will be shortly doubled.

The first day's music brought a veritable surfeit of harmony and melody. Full cathedral service, with the united Choirs for singers, and a sermon by Canon C. E. Kennaway, of Gloucester, with which every one was in raptures, took up a good part of the afternoon. This was succeeded by a performance of the first part of Mendelssohn's oratorio *St. Paul*, and the whole of Spohr's *Die letzten Dinge*. *St. Paul* entire would have been more acceptable; or, if that was unsuited to Dr. Wesley's plan, the oratorio of Spohr might have preceded the half oratorio of Mendelssohn, and thus stood a fairer chance of being appreciated according to its worth, as the very best thing of its kind which Spohr composed. It is as superior to his *Cadaver* and *Babylon*, written respectively nine and sixteen years later, as it can possibly have been to his *Das jüngste Gericht* (the real *Last Judgment*), written fourteen years earlier (1812), and never yet published—much as the author, in his *Selbst-Biographie*, expresses himself content with portions of it. The day wound up with a miscellaneous concert at the Shire Hall, the programme of which was as long as, under the circumstances, could well be endured. On the second day, at the Cathedral, the orchestral movements, with a chorus and air, from Mendelssohn's *Lohengrin*, a selection from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, Dr. Wesley's Cathedral Anthem, "Ascribe unto the Lord," his father's motet (double-chorus), "In Exitu Israel," Mozart's *Requiem*, some pieces from Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, together with isolated airs from Handel, Haydn, Spohr, Gounod, &c., and J. S. Bach's great Pedal Fugue in E flat (St. Ann's), performed by Dr. Wesley on a new organ provided for the occasion but not likely to be retained, constituted an afternoon's music unparalleled in length and variety, if not made out with inviolable judgment. The concert in the evening was as lengthy in comparison, including, among other things, a part of Haydn's *Seasons* ("Spring"), Mendelssohn's first Pianoforte Concerto, the overture to Spohr's *Jessonda*, some excerpts from *Guillaume Tell*, and Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, most injudiciously placed at the end of the programme. Besides all these, there were solos for almost every one of the chief singers. On the third day Mendelssohn's *Elijah* (entire) was given in the Cathedral, and in the evening at the Shire Hall a concert, just as lengthy as the preceding ones—including a selection from *Die Zauberflöte*, Spohr's *Scena Cantante* (violin and orchestra), the great fragment (*finale*) from Mendelssohn's *Lorelei*, Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, excerpts from Spohr's opera *Zemire und Azor*, and vocal solos too numerous even to think of. On Friday the *Messiah*, at the Cathedral, attracted nearly 3,000 people. The principal singers at these morning and evening performances were Madlle. Tietjens, Madame Rudersdorf, Miss Louisa Pyne, Dr. Gunz, Signor Bossi, Messrs. W. H. Cummings, L. Thomas, Santley, &c. The two young ladies (Misses Wilkinson and Elton) engaged to replace Madame Sainton persuaded nobody of the wisdom exhibited by Dr. Wesley in dispensing with the services of that excellent artist; while the loss of Mr. Sims Reeves in *Elijah* and the *Messiah* was, as might have been expected, wholly irreparable. Madlle. Tietjens, Miss Louisa Pyne, and Mr. Santley, in the oratorios just named, no less than in *St. Paul* and the rest, maintained their reputation at its height, while the singing of Madlle. Tietjens and Mr. Santley added greatly to the brilliancy of the evening concerts. The chorus and band were much the same as at previous festivals. On the whole, Dr. Wesley's conducting was better than had been looked for, though occasionally his want of experience and consequent indecision were severely felt. The best of the morning performances were unquestionably *St. Paul* and the *Messiah*; the worst was "In Exitu Israel Ægypto" (by the late Samuel Wesley), which every one naturally expected would be the most effective. Nor can the execution of the new conductor's Cathedral Anthem, "Ascribe to the Lord"—though not an uninteresting, by no means a favourable specimen of his powers—be cited as wholly unexceptionable. At the second evening concert, which contrary to precedent attracted the largest audience of the three, an extraordinary sensation was created by Madame Arabella Goddard's performance of Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, with which the audience, who at first would probably much rather have listened to Thalberg's "Last Rose of Summer," or some such elegant show-piece, were fairly taken by surprise. Seldom has a "classical" composition been received with greater enthusiasm. Mr. H. Blagrove's execution of the *Scena Cantante* ("Dramatic Concerto") of Spohr, at the third concert, was also a great and deserved success. On the other hand, Beethoven's symphony in F (No. 8) was little better than scrambled through by the orchestra. But we cannot undertake to describe in detail a whole week's performances of music, vocal and instrumental, sacred and secular. The chief points have been

noticed; for the rest, the dress-ball on Friday night included, we must beg to be excused.

It is satisfactory to hear that, not only are the stewards (81 in number) likely to be quit for their donations to the charity, a surplus being more than probable, but that the collection promises, when all the expected contributions are got in, to reach little short of 1,200*l.*—an amount very seldom obtained at Gloucester, almost as seldom at Worcester, and still more seldom at Hereford. It would be a pity to see these pleasant and good-dispensing meetings die out for want of sympathy with the objects they so materially promote; but happily, as things look now, there is less chance than ever of so unwelcome a catastrophe.

THE ST. LEGER.

THE success of Gladiateur in the St. Leger was greeted with sincere, although not enthusiastic, plaudits. It would be idle to pretend that Yorkshire was not more elated twelve years ago, when the same feat of winning the three great races of the year was performed by West Australian, who was bred and trained in Yorkshire. But the natives of this county have sense enough to know, and frankness enough to praise, a good horse when they see him. They have long regarded foreigners as good customers to horse-breeders, and they are not yet beginning to consider them as dangerous competitors. Hence the reception of Count Lagrange and his countrymen at Doncaster was as well calculated to promote the preservation of the "ancient cordial," and the consumption of cordials of other kinds, as the ceremonies which lately took place at Cherbourg and Portsmouth. There may be differences of opinion as to the skill of the English in getting up fêtes and balls, but we may venture to say that we know how to manage a race-meeting; and although it may be conceded that French naval officers understand their business as well as ours do, it is exceedingly doubtful whether they have among them an admiral who could allot the weights for the great autumnal handicaps at Newmarket.

Whether we choose to say that Gladiateur is an unusually good horse, or that the other horses of the year are unusually bad, the result has been the same, that the interest of the St. Leger has been to a great extent destroyed. It was not merely that Gladiateur had won the Derby—for other horses have triumphed at Epsom and met defeat at Doncaster—but he had galloped away from his competitors in such style as rendered it impossible to believe that any of them could ever make a run with him. But no longer ago than 1861 Kettledrum had all his rivals in the Derby as safe for the St. Leger as Gladiateur had his, or even more safe, because Klarikoff, the most dangerous among them, was dead; and yet Kettledrum was forced to yield the second great prize of the year to Caller Ou. And in the previous year Thormanby was beaten for the St. Leger by St. Alban's, who was not in the Derby. But on this occasion it was as difficult to find a competent opponent for Gladiateur outside the list of entries for the Derby as within it. St. Alban's had won the Chester Cup, but no three-year-old of this year proved good enough even to get a place for it. The only hope of contesting the French colt's pretensions to the St. Leger lay in the fillies, and it was remembered with satisfaction that Regalia had won the Oaks as easily as Gladiateur won the Derby, and, although she took a few seconds longer to gallop the same distance, the ground had in the interval become heavy by copious rain. Regalia is a special favourite in the North, for she was bred by Mr. Cookem, whose sales of yearlings are always held at Doncaster; and although she was trained for the Oaks at Newmarket, she had since been removed to Malton, where she underwent a satisfactory preparation for the St. Leger. The gods had willed that England should suffer this third complete defeat by France, and therefore the prayers of those who knew that Regalia's chance would be improved by a night's rain were not heard. Not one drop of rain fell before or during the day of the St. Leger, and for hardness of ground and heat and dust this meeting has been almost as conspicuous as was last year's for the tremendous storm of wind and rain amid which Blair Athol won. There had been, as there almost always is, a rumour before the meeting that the favourite was amiss, and rash speculators took liberties with Gladiateur's name of which by this time they will have bitterly repented. But the adverse report was contradicted, and other reports came that he was doing plenty of long and strong work at Newmarket, but would not arrive at Doncaster until mid-day on Tuesday. In the early morning, therefore, visitors to the race-course were able to devote themselves without distraction to what was in fact the task of picking, not the winner—for that was hardly doubtful—but the second horse for the St. Leger. Regalia appeared early, and displayed all the improvement which had been expected by her many admirers in the paddock before the Oaks. As she went as well as she looked, there could be no doubt that here was a genuine article of quality almost high enough to depend upon in the contest of the morrow. She was ridden at exercise by John Osborne, who would ride her in the race next day, and there could be no better jockey than he in whose hands Lord Clifden won this race two years ago. Another conspicuous performer in the early morning was Breadalbane, who, with Custance in the saddle, galloped the course in a style which showed that his trainer was not afraid of his legs failing upon hard ground. John Day sent upon the course a string of horses worthy in point of number of the largest training-stable in the kingdom, and formidable in point of

quality, as Doncaster will have good reason to remember. The noted "miler" Master Richard is in this lot; and Ackworth, winner of the Cambridgeshire; and John Davis, who has done a good thing before, and will do one again to-day. But the horse which every eye is seeking is The Duke, whom those who have not seen him before discover by observing Fordham upon the back of a bright bay horse. Travellers through Hampshire and the adjoining counties during the last week will have gathered that in those parts the belief existed that The Duke, who was prevented by illness from meeting Gladiateur in the Derby, would nearly, if not quite, beat him in the St. Leger. Yorkshiremen do not usually allow their feelings to get the better of their judgment, except perhaps in reference to some indigenous pet, and therefore the natives hear of The Duke's pretensions with a little incredulity. However, The Duke can and did use his legs in that morning's exercise, and it is difficult to find a fault in him except that he is a trifle narrow behind. Later in the day, when the stable had won one race with Master Richard, and another with John Davis, besides running into a forward place with Ackworth, its numerous supporters gained greater confidence in The Duke than ever; and he was made, and continued, second favourite at 4 to 1. An old acquaintance, Archimedes, is also on the ground, and showing by the work he is doing that, whatever may have been wrong with him, if anything, he is all right now. He, as well as the other prominent favourites, had finished their exercise and gone home before John Scott's team, which includes Klarinska, appeared upon the ground. This filly, after establishing, by successive defeats, a very low public character, surprised the sporting world by winning two races at York last month against respectable opponents, in hollow style. A filly which has won, almost without an effort, a race which Blair Athol failed to win last year can hardly be otherwise than formidable for the St. Leger. Klarinska's character entitles her to a front place among the favourites, but she does not take the eye as does Regalia. Mr. Bowes has engaged Challoner to ride his filly, and if the colours of West Australian should prove victorious on this occasion it need not be said that the natives would be not only sincere but enthusiastic in their congratulations. If there were no Gladiateur to arrive by train later in the day, it would be interesting, and possibly might be made profitable, to attempt by anticipation to place the horses for the St. Leger. There would be little hesitation in putting Regalia first. The next two would be Breadalbane and Klarinska, yielding a little, perhaps, to partiality for the former, and as regards the latter being guided rather by her performances at York than by her present looks and action. After this pair would come another pair, viz. The Duke and Archimedes, who are entitled to some, but not all, of the confidence which their friends claim for them. There were originally 243 subscribers for the St. Leger, and out of all this number of horses only five can be named, besides Gladiateur, who can be supposed to have the smallest chance of winning it. There are other horses out at exercise who are said to be certain starters on the morrow, but it is difficult to suppose that they can affect the result of the race, unless the favourite should happen to get shut in among them.

An early move to the Town Moor on Wednesday morning obtains for the student of racing a far better opportunity of observing Gladiateur than was possible amid the turmoil of Epsom. One reads a great deal about the "mysteries" of the French stable at Newmarket, but here is Gladiateur walking in his clothing with another horse, in full view of everybody who likes to look at him, slowly along the course towards the hill. A person who may be supposed to be the trainer, whom sporting writers call "the astute Jennings," rides beside the horse. There are not twenty people near, and altogether there is much less excitement than one is used to see at the morning promenade of a first favourite for the St. Leger. Perhaps it is apprehended that at the whistle of Jennings a band of pugilists may start from the adjacent bushes to protect Gladiateur from anticipated outrage. At any rate, the few spectators are particularly quiet and well-behaved, and so is the horse. The unfavourable impression which Gladiateur made at the saddling for the Two Thousand was fully remarked at the time, and therefore it is only fair to say that he has improved enormously in looks in the intervening period. In the Two Thousand he only beat Archimedes by a neck, and now he can beat him by several lengths, and the improvement in his appearance has been proportional to his gain in power. He has almost entirely lost that gaunt look which he had in spring. You see before you a very powerful horse, built rather for strength than beauty. Without intending to lend the smallest countenance to those persons who have questioned this horse's age, it may be remarked that he looks rather like a good old horse than a very good young one. If any person used to horses met Gladiateur in a country lane, he would probably suppose that he was in the presence of a five or six-year-old hunter; and if he felt the horse's legs, the examination would be hardly likely to conduct him to the discovery that he was only three years old. We have all heard of cases where a youth of eighteen has performed pugilistic and other feats which would have done honour to a strong man of twenty-five. Probably the early maturity of Gladiateur is a similar exceptional case; or, if such results can be commonly produced in France, it will be well worth all the English money which may have been lost over Gladiateur to learn in what respect our rivals have improved upon our breeding system. The manner of Gladiateur is quiet, and suitable to his mature look. The total result of the inspection is that the horse is thoroughly fit to run; and as we know what he did at Epsom,

and can see that he has improved since that time, our slender hopes of seeing a close race for the St. Leger must be laid aside.

In the preliminary canter Regalia and Breadalbane went as well as anything. Gladiateur's action has been much admired ever since he won the Derby, and even those who did not admire his action could not help feeling that he looked quite equal to defeating easily all the horses among which he moved. There were in all twelve starters, of whom half might as well have been at home. A start was effected without delay, and Klarinska was seen rushing to the front. There was considerable tailing as the lot swept over the hill, and the favourite lay so far backward that, if he had not been known to be very good, his chance might have been deemed in jeopardy. But he was quite able to make his way to the front when called upon. The Duke for a time looked formidable, and then the hope of the South died away. Regalia came with a rush towards the finish, which carried her ahead of everything, except Gladiateur, who won easily by three lengths. Half a length behind Regalia was Archimedes, who thus ran into the same place which Cambruscan gained for Lord Stamford in this race last year. Then came The Duke fourth, and Breadalbane fifth. It is possible that some horses might have been further forward if they had been persevered with, but it is certain that nothing could have got either the first or second place except those which did get it. Archimedes has thus beaten Breadalbane in all the three great races, but it may be some consolation to the latter's owner to observe that he got in the St. Leger the same place which Ely got last year. If it were possible for Breadalbane to improve as Ely has done between three and four years old, Mr. Chaplin might after all be congratulated upon his dear bargain. Further observation has confirmed the remark made after the Derby, that Gladiateur's success has been less owing to his own merit than to his fortune in having fallen upon a lot of competitors rather below the average. Without saying anything of the first horse in the Derby, we will venture to assert that the second and third horses were not equal to what has been usually seen in these conspicuous positions. But although we may criticise Gladiateur's appearance, and slightly depreciate the merit of his performances, the fact remains that he has done that which only West Australian ever did before, and which, if done by a horse bred in Yorkshire, would have driven the great multitude which assembled at Doncaster frantic with delight. Our French friends are heartily welcome to their triple triumph, and it is to be hoped that, now that their stable is so strong, they will be able to manage it without having recourse to proceedings which cannot fail, however they may be justified, to produce suspicion and ill-will. When the best horse wins, Englishmen will never fail cheerfully to acknowledge it.

REVIEWS.

HAUG'S LECTURE ON THE ZENDAVESTA.*

THERE are certain branches of philological research which seem to be constantly changing, shifting, and progressing. After the key to the interpretation of ancient inscriptions has been found, it by no means follows that every word can at once be definitely explained, or every sentence correctly construed. Thus it happens that the same hieroglyphic or cuneiform text is rendered differently by different scholars; nay, that the same scholar proposes a new rendering not many years after his first attempt at a translation has been published. And what applies to the decipherment of inscriptions applies with equal force to the translation of ancient texts. A translation of the hymns of the Veda, or of the Zendavesta, and, we may add, of the Old Testament, requires exactly the same process as the deciphering of an inscription. The only safe way of finding the real meaning of words in the sacred texts of the Brahmans, the Zoroastrians, or the Jews, is to compare every passage in which the same word occurs, and to look for a meaning that is equally applicable to all, and can at the same time be defended on grammatical and etymological grounds. This is no doubt a tedious process, nor can it be free from uncertainty; but it is an uncertainty inherent in the subject itself, for which it would be unfair to blame those by whose genius and perseverance so much light has been shed on the darkest pages of antiquity. To those who are not acquainted with the efforts by which Grotefend, Burnouf, Lassen, and Rawlinson unravelled the inscriptions of Cyrus, Darius, and Xerxes, it may seem inexplicable, for instance, how an inscription which at one time was supposed to confirm the statement, known from Herodotus, that Darius obtained the sovereignty of Persia by the beheading of his horse, should now yield so very different a meaning. Herodotus relates that after the assassination of Smerdis the six conspirators agreed to confer the royal dignity on him whose horse should neigh first at sunrise. The horse of Darius neighed first, and he was accordingly elected King of Persia. After his election, Herodotus states that Darius erected a stone monument containing the figure of a horseman, with the following inscription:—"Darius, the son of Hystaspes, obtained the Kingdom of the Persians by the virtue of his horse (giving its name), and of Oibareus, his groom." Lassen translated one of the Cuneiform inscriptions, copied originally by Niebuhr from a huge slab built in the southern wall of the great platform at Persepolis, in the following manner:—"Auramazdis magnus est. Is maximus est deorum. Ipse Darium regem constituit,

* A Lecture on the Original Language of Zoroaster. By Martin Haug. Bombay: 1865.

benevolens imperium obtulit. Ex voluntate Auramazdis Darius rex sum. Generosus sum Darius rex hujus regionis Persicæ; hanc mihi Auramazdis obtulit 'hoc pomerio ope equi (Choaspis) clare virtutis.' This translation was published in 1844, and the arguments by which Lassen supported it, in the sixth volume of the *Zeitschrift für die Kunde des Morgenlandes*, may be read with interest and advantage even now when we know that this eminent scholar was mistaken in his analysis. The first step towards a more correct translation was made by Professor Holtzmann, who in 1845 pointed out that Smerdis was murdered at Susa, not at Persepolis; and that only six days later Darius was elected King of Persia, again at Susa, and not at Persepolis. The monument, therefore, which Darius erected in the *proartion*, or suburb, in the place where the fortunate event which led to his elevation occurred, and the inscription recording the event *in loco*, could not well be looked for at Persepolis. But far more important was the evidence derived from a more careful analysis of the words of the inscription itself. *Niba*, which Lassen translated as *pomerium*, occurs in three other places, where it certainly cannot mean suburb. It seems to be an adjective meaning splendid, beautiful. Besides, *nibā* is a nominative singular in the feminine, and so is the pronoun *hyd* which precedes, and the two words which follow it—*wašpā* and *unartiya*. Professor Holtzmann translated, therefore, the same sentence which Professor Lassen had rendered by "hoc pomerio ope equi (Choaspis) clare virtutis," by "que nitida, herbosa, celebris est," a translation which is in the main correct, and has been adopted afterwards both by Sir H. Rawlinson and M. Oppert. Sir H. Rawlinson translates the whole passage as follows:—"This province of Persia which Ormazd has granted to me, which is illustrious, abounding in good horses, producing good men." Thus vanished the horse of Darius, and the curious confirmation which the cuneiform inscription was at one time supposed to lend to the Persian legend recorded by Herodotus.

It would be easy to point out many passages of this kind, and to use them in order to throw discredit on the whole method by which these and other inscriptions have lately been deciphered. It would not require any great display of forensic or Parliamentary eloquence, to convince the public at large, by means of such evidence, that all the labours of Grotefend, Burnouf, Lassen, and Rawlinson had been in vain, and to lay down once for all the general principle that the original meaning of inscriptions written in a dead language, of which the tradition is once lost, can never be recovered. Fortunately, questions of this kind are not settled by eloquent pleading or by the votes of majorities, but, on the contrary, by the independent judgment of the few who are competent to judge. The fact that different scholars should differ in their interpretations, or that the same scholar should reject his former translation, and adopt a new one that possibly may have to be surrendered again as soon as new light can be thrown on points hitherto doubtful and obscure—all this, which in the hands of those who argue for victory and not for truth, constitutes so formidable a weapon, and appeals so strongly to the prejudices of the many, produces very little effect on the minds of those who understand the reason of these changes, and to whom each new change represents but a new step in advance in the discovery of truth.

Nor should the fact be overlooked that, if there seems to be less change in the translation of the books of the Old Testament for instance, or of Homer, it is due in a great measure to the absence of that critical exactness at which the decipherers of ancient inscriptions and the translators of the Veda and Zendavesta aim in rendering each word that comes before them. If we compared the translation of the Septuagint with the authorized version of the Old Testament, we should occasionally find discrepancies nearly as startling as any that can be found in the different translations of the Cuneiform inscriptions, or of the Veda and Zendavesta. In the Book of Job, the Vulgate translates the exhortation of Job's wife by "Bless God and die"; the English version by "Curse God and die"; the Septuagint by "Say some word to the Lord and die." Though, at the time when the Seventy translated the Old Testament, Hebrew could hardly be called a dead language, yet there were then many of its words the original meaning of which even the most learned rabbi would have had great difficulty in defining with real accuracy. The meaning of words changes imperceptibly and irresistibly. Even where there is a literature, and a printed literature like that of modern Europe, four or five centuries work such a change that few even of the most learned divines in England would find it easy to read and to understand accurately a theological treatise written in English four hundred years ago. The same happened, and happened to a far greater extent, in ancient languages. Nor was the sacred character attributed to certain writings any safeguard. On the contrary, greater violence is done by successive interpreters to sacred writings than to any other relics of ancient literature. Ideas grow and change, yet each generation tries to find its own ideas reflected in the sacred pages of their early prophets, and, in addition to the natural influences which blur and obscure the sharp features of old words, artificial influences are here at work distorting the natural expression of words which have been invested with a sacred authority. Passages in the Veda or Zendavesta which do not bear on religious or philosophical doctrines are generally explained simply and naturally, even by the latest of native commentators. But as soon as any word or sentence can be so turned as to support a doctrine, however modern, or a precept, however irrational, the simplest phrases are tortured and mangled till at last they are made to yield their assent to ideas the most foreign to the minds of the authors of the Veda and Zendavesta.

To those who take an interest in these matters we may recommend a work lately published by the Rev. R. G. S. Browne—the *Mosaic Cosmogony*—in which the author endeavours to establish a literal translation of the First Chapter of Genesis. Touching the first verb that occurs in the Bible, he writes:—"What is the meaning or scope of the Hebrew verb, in our authorized version, rendered by 'created'? To English ears and understandings the sound comes naturally, and by long use irresistibly, as the representation of an *ex nihilo* creation. But, in the teeth of all the Rabbinical and Cabbalistic fancies of Jewish commentators, and with reverential deference to modern criticism on the Hebrew Bible, it is not so. R. D. Kimchi, in his endeavour to ascertain the shades of difference existing between the terms used in the *Mosaic Cosmogony*, has assumed that our Hebrew verb *barā* has the full signification of *ex nihilo* creatit. Our own Castell, a profound and self-denying scholar, has entertained the same groundless notion. And even our illustrious Bryan Walton was not inaccessible to this oblique ray of Rabbinical *ignis fatuus*." Mr. Browne then proceeds to quote Gesenius, who gives as the primary meaning of *barā*, he cut, cut out, carved, planed down, polished; and he refers to Lee, who characterizes it as a silly theory that *barā* meant to create *ex nihilo*. In Joshua xvii. 15 and 18, the same verb is used in the sense of cutting down trees; in Psalm civ. 30 it is translated by "Thou renewest the face of the earth." In Arabic, too, according to Lane, *barā* means properly, though not always, to create out of pre-existing matter. All this shows that in the verb *barā* there is no trace of the meaning assigned to it by later scholars, of a creation out of nothing. That idea in its definiteness was a modern idea, most likely called forth by the contact between Jews and Greeks at Alexandria. It was probably in contradistinction to the Greek notion of matter as co-eternal with the Creator, that the Jews, to whom Jehovah was all in all, asserted, for the first time, deliberately that God had made all things out of nothing. This became afterwards the received and orthodox view of Jewish and Christian divines, though the verb *barā*, so far from lending any support to this theory, would rather show that, in the minds of those whom Moses addressed and whose language he spoke, it only called forth the simple conception of fashioning or arranging—if, indeed, it called forth any more definite conception than the general and vague one conveyed by the *poiois* of the Septuagint. To find out how the words of the Old Testament were understood by those to whom they were originally addressed is a task attempted by very few interpreters of the Bible. The great majority of readers transfer without hesitation the ideas which they connect with words as used in the nineteenth century to the mind of Moses or his contemporaries, forgetting altogether the distance which divides their language and their thoughts from the thoughts and language of the wandering tribes of Israel.

How many words, again, there are in Homer which have indeed a traditional interpretation, as given by our dictionaries and commentaries, but the exact purport of which is completely lost, is best known to Greek scholars. It is easy enough to translate *πολιμνα γίγνεται* by the bridges of war, but what Homer really meant by these *γίγνεται* has never been explained. It is extremely doubtful whether bridges, in our sense of the word, were known at all at the time of Homer; and even if it could be proved that Homer used *γίγνεται* in the sense of a dam, the etymology, i.e. the earliest history of the word, would still remain obscure and doubtful. It is easy, again, to see that *ἰσός* in Greek means something like the English sacred. But how, if it did so, the same adjective could likewise be applied to a fish or to a chariot, is a question which, if it is to be answered at all, can only be answered by an etymological analysis of the word. To say that *sacred* may mean *marvellous*, and therefore *big*, is saying nothing, particularly as Homer does not speak of catching big fish, but of catching fish in general.

These considerations—which might be carried much further, but which, we are afraid, have carried us away too far from our original subject—were suggested to us while reading a lecture lately published by Dr. Haug, and originally delivered by him at Bombay, in 1864, before an almost exclusively Parsi audience. In that lecture Dr. Haug gives a new translation of ten short paragraphs of the Zendavesta, which he had explained and translated in his *Essays on the Sacred Language of the Parsees*, published in 1862. To an ordinary reader the difference between the two translations, published within the space of two years, might certainly be perplexing, and calculated to shake his faith in the soundness of a method that can lead to such varying results. Nor can it be denied that, if scholars who are engaged in these researches are bent on representing their last translation as final and as admitting of no further improvement, the public has a right to remind them that "finality" is as dangerous a thing in scholarship as in politics. Considering the difficulty of translating the pages of the Zendavesta, we can never hope to have every sentence of it rendered into clear and intelligible English. Those who for the first time reduced the sacred traditions of the Zoroastrians to writing were separated by more than a thousand years from the time of their original composition. After that came all the vicissitudes to which manuscripts are exposed during the process of being copied by more or less ignorant scribes. The most ancient MSS. of the Zendavesta date from the beginning of the fourteenth century. It is true there is an early translation of the Zendavesta, the Pehlevi translation, and a later one in Sanskrit by Neriosengh. But the Pehlevi translation, which was made under the auspices of the Sassanian Kings of Persia,

served only to show how completely the literal and grammatical meaning of the Zendavesta was lost even at that time, in the third century after Christ; while the Sanskrit translation was clearly made, not from the original, but from the Pehlevi. It is true, also, that even in more modern times the Parsis of Bombay were able to give to Anquetil Duperron and other Europeans what they considered as a translation of the Zendavesta in modern Persian. But a scholar like Burnouf, who endeavoured for the first time to give an account of every word in the Zend text, to explain each grammatical termination, to parse every sentence, and to establish the true meaning of each term by an etymological analysis and by a comparison of cognate words in Sanskrit, was able to derive but scant assistance from these traditional translations. Professor Spiegel, to whom we owe a complete edition and translation of the Zendavesta, and who has devoted the whole of his life to the elucidation of the Zoroastrian religion, attributes a higher value to the tradition of the Parsis than Dr. Haug. But he also is obliged to admit that he could ascribe no greater authority to these traditional translations and glosses than a Biblical scholar might allow to Rabbinical commentaries. All scholars are agreed in fact on this, that whether the tradition be right or wrong, it requires in either case to be confirmed by an independent grammatical and etymological analysis of the original text. Such an analysis is no doubt as liable to error as the traditional translation itself, but it possesses this advantage, that it gives reasons for every word that has to be translated, and for every sentence that has to be construed. It is an excellent discipline to the mind even where the results at which it arrives are doubtful or erroneous, and it has imparted to these studies a scientific value and general interest which they could not otherwise have acquired.

We shall give a few specimens of the translations proposed by different scholars of one or two verses of the Zendavesta. We cannot here enter into the grammatical arguments by which each of these translations is supported. We only wish to show the present state of Zend scholarship, and though we would by no means disguise the fact of its somewhat chaotic character, yet we do not hesitate to affirm that, in spite of the conflict of the opinions of different scholars, and in spite of the fluctuation of systems apparently opposed to each other, progress may be reported, and a firm hope expressed that the essential doctrines of one of the earliest forms of religion may in time be recovered and placed before us in their original purity and simplicity. We begin with the Pehlevi translation:—

Thus the religion is to be proclaimed; now give an attentive hearing, and now listen, that is, keep your ear in readiness, make your works and speeches gentle. Those who have wished from nigh and far to study the religion, may now do so. For now all is manifest, that Anhuma (Ormazd) created, that Anhuma created all these beings; that at the second time, at the (time of the) future body, Ahurman does not destroy (the life of) the worlds. Ahurman made evil desire and wickedness to spread through his tongue.

Professor Spiegel, in 1859, translated the same passage, of which the Pehlevi is a running commentary rather than a literal rendering, as follows:—

Now I will tell you, lend me your ear, now hear what you desired, you that came from near and from afar! It is clear, the wise (spirits) have created all things; evil doctrine shall not for a second time destroy the world. The Evil One has made a bad choice with his tongue.

Next follows the translation of the passage as published by Dr. Haug in 1862:—

All ye, who have come from nigh and far, listen now and hearken to my speech. Now I will tell you all about that pair of spirits how it is known to the wise. Neither the ill-speaker (the devil) shall destroy the second (spiritual) life, nor that man who, being a liar with his tongue, professes the false (idolatrious) belief.

The same scholar, in 1864, translates the same passage somewhat differently:—

All you that have come from near and far should now listen and hearken to what I shall proclaim. Now the wise have manifested this universe as a duality. Let not the mischief-maker destroy the second life, since he, the wicked, chose with his tongue the pernicious doctrine.

The principal difficulty in this paragraph consists in the word which Dr. Haug translated by *duality*, viz. *dām*, and which he identifies with Sanskrit *dām*, i.e. *dāmadām*, pair. Such a word, as far as we are aware, does not occur again in the Zendavesta, and hence it is not likely that the uncertainty attaching to its meaning will ever be removed. Other interpreters take it as a verb in the second person plural, and hence the decided difference of interpretation.

The sixth paragraph of the same passage is explained by the Pehlevi translator as follows:—

Thus I proclaimed that among all things the greatest is to worship God. The praise of purity is (due) to him who has a good knowledge, (to those) who depend on Ormazd. I hear Spentō-mainyu (who is) Ormazd; listen to me, to what I shall speak (unto you). Whose worship is intercourse with the Good Mind; one can know (experience) the divine command to do good through inquiry after what is good. That which is in the intellect they teach me as the best, viz. the inborn (heavenly) wisdom, (that is that the divine wisdom is superior to the human).

Professor Spiegel translates:—

Now I will tell you of all things the greatest. It is praise with purity of Him who is wise from those who exist. The holiest heavenly being, Ahuramazda, may hear it, He for whose praise inquiry is made from the holy spirit, may He teach me the best by his intelligence.

Dr. Haug in 1862:—

Thus I will tell you of the greatest of all (Sraosha), who is praising the truth, and doing good, and of all who are gathered round him (to assist him), by order of the holy spirit (Ahuramazda). The living Wise may hear

me; by means of His goodness the good mind increases (in the world). He may lead me with the best of his wisdom.

Dr. Haug in 1864:—

I will proclaim as the greatest of all things that one should be good praising only truth. Ahuramazda will hear those who are bent on furthering (all that is good). May he whose goodness is communicated by the Good Mind instruct me in his best wisdom.

To those who are interested in the study of Zend, and wish to judge for themselves of the trustworthiness of these various translations, we can recommend a most useful work lately published in Germany by Dr. F. Justi, *Handbuch der Zendsprache*, containing a complete dictionary, a grammar, and selections from the Zendavesta.

LES DEUX SŒURS.*

IN his bulky preface to *Le Supplice d'une Femme*, M. Émile de Girardin warned the world that a great dramatic work was coming, by means of which he would expound his views to the French theatrical public, unassisted and unfettered by an ally. Into the acted version of *Le Supplice* certain phrases had insinuated themselves which the author altogether repudiated; but there should be nothing of the sort in *Les Deux Sœurs*, the drama of the future. Here we were to have nothing but pure and undefiled Girardin, without a *souçon* of the Dumas flavour. There was one condition attached to the fulfilment of our expectation. The play could only be written if politics allowed the author sufficient leisure for the purpose. How the world trembled lest some mighty consideration of statecraft should absorb the moments that might be so profitably devoted to sound moral instruction coupled with the charm of dramatic action! Its fears were, however, diminished by the reflection that the three acts of *Le Supplice* were written in three mornings. M. de Girardin requires such a very little leisure to do such a very great deal, that it would be hard indeed if that little were denied by fate. The world had no occasion to despair. When Œdipus describes himself as

εμπεδὸν μὲν ἔλαττοντα τοῦ εμπεδὸς δ' ἐν
μῖον φέροντα, καὶ τὸ δ' ἔλαττον ἴποι,

we can all see well enough that he is not going to starve; and when M. de Girardin required nothing but leisure, a thinking man might feel pretty sure that *Les Deux Sœurs*, as the coming play was to be called, would beam upon the public some time or other.

Nor was it long before the promised luminary rose upon the horizon of Paris. *Le Supplice* had been brought out at the Théâtre Français on the 29th of April, and it was not until some time after its production that the noted preface was published. On the 12th of August *Les Deux Sœurs* was produced at the Vaudeville. Its fate was singular. Vehemently hissed on the first night of performance, it was unanimously applauded three nights afterwards, when, as is usual on the 15th of August, sacred as that day is to the Holy Virgin and the Emperor, people went to the play for nothing. Of course, in order to prove that the play, under the conflicting circumstances, was in the main successful, one had only to show that the uncorrupted men in *blouses* who gratefully enjoyed the Emperor's bounty were much better judges of ethical subtleties than the bloated aristocrats who paid for their stalls, and who had been nurtured under the vicious system which it was the author's intention to expose. Even a London dramatist who was damned by the dress-circle and applauded by the sixpenny gallery would be a very poor craftsman if he could not beautify his case by means of a copious panegyric on the British Workman. However, experience teaches us that the audiences who, in celebration of some joyous event, are admitted gratis to the theatre seldom exercise much critical acumen. It is not so much that they belong to a lower order than many of the ordinary patrons of the drama, as that they are in a holiday mood, prepared to enjoy anything. To use a vulgar idiom, they are out "on the spree," and receive a play, just as they would a firework or a bit of illumination, as a portion of the day's show. For this reason the London dramatist who has written a work on which he sets any value refrains from producing it on Boxing Day. He is not afraid that his play will be condemned; he even knows that it will draw down a certain amount of applause; but he is also aware that it will be regarded as a mere preface to the pantomime, and therefore virtually will not be judged at all.

That *Les Deux Sœurs* is considered a failure, there is no doubt. M. de Girardin, in his preface, admits that, in spite of the "immense talent" of Madlle. Fargueil, it has not achieved the *clout* of an uncontested success; and the disputes that arose between the irascible author and his censors amused the Parisians for several weeks. M. de Sarcy got into trouble, not only by a hostile article, but also by an irreverent hiss. M. A. Dumas *filé* found himself in the position of the malignant organ-blower in Joe Miller's anecdote, and immediately after the condemnation of the piece on the first night is said to have addressed to M. de Girardin an epistle consisting of the single word "Merci." The organist had treated the organ-blower as a nullity, and the latter, suspending the action of his bellows in the middle of a brilliant voluntary, compelled him to change his opinion. M. Émile de Girardin had declared that he could do better without than with M. Dumas. The "Merci" expressed gratitude for the practical refutation of M. de Girardin's assertion consequent upon the production of M. de Girardin's own play.

* *Les Deux Sœurs, Drame en Quatre Actes, avec une Préface.* Paris: M. Lévy Frères.

The play is of course printed, and of course it is published with a preface by M. Émile de Girardin. We often hear of griefs too deep for utterance, but we doubt whether such griefs could ever befall this prolific writer. His play succeeds, with the assistance of a friend; he quarrels with his friend, and writes a preface. His other play fails, without the assistance of a friend; again he writes a preface. The theatre, after all, can afford him very little pleasure, inasmuch as he criticizes applause and objects to disapprobation. But, at all events, it affords him ample material for a preface. Big books are these plays of M. Girardin's, very different in bulk from the neat little pamphlets commonly issued by MM. Lévy. When one of them has just arrived from Paris, and still wears its paper, the first impression is that it is the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*. And yet they are by no means long; it is by dint of large print and paper, and heavy padding, that they are swelled to this portentous magnitude. *Le Supplice* was published as modified by M. A. Dumas fils, with a preface by M. E. de Girardin, which preface contained the scenes as they stood prior to modification. *Les Deux Sœurs* is published, in three acts, as modified for the stage by M. de Girardin himself; but a fourth act, omitted in representation, is duly printed, not in the preface, but as a sort of appendix. We are not quite sure that we are right in applying the word "padding" to the portion of the book which is not the play. The play at best only sets forth the doctrine more lucidly expounded in the preface, so perhaps the deprecatory term would be more fittingly applied to the play itself. In the case of Porson's *Hecuba*, which is the padding?—the preface or the tragedy?

The preliminary discourse attached to *Les Deux Sœurs* comprises M. de Girardin's views on the subject of marriage and conjugal infidelity. The Code Napoléon is cited; so is the law of 1816 by which divorce was abolished; and the condition of matrimony in France is compared with the precepts of the Gospel. "L'Évangile pardonne; Le Code ne pardonne pas." M. de Girardin takes the side of the former, and is consequently in favour of forgiving husbands. Now we clearly perceive the sin of poor M. Alexandre Dumas fils, and why his good offices have been unthankfully received. In *Le Supplice d'une Femme*, as written by M. de Girardin, Dumont plainly forgave his wife; in the acting version of the play he does not, though the soft-hearted may, if they please, see a pardon in the *pauvre-post* through a not very thick haze. Practical men, who hold that it is as well that existing prejudices, even if wrong, should not be too violently shocked, but rather quietly undermined, by a stage-performance, will commend M. A. Dumas for his wisdom; but it seems that the very object which M. de Girardin had in view when he devoted three of his precious mornings to the composition of *Le Supplice* was to proclaim the duty of pardon in the most unequivocal terms. In accordance with this view he had made Dumont a native of Geneva. A Genevese pietist would read his Bible night and morning, and would thus necessarily entertain the same merciful views on the subject of matrimonial delinquencies as M. de Girardin.

It must be conceded that the author of these storm-exciting plays is extremely logical. Hostile critics, in fact, object to him on this account, contending that the stage is intended for the exhibition of character by means of action, and not for the discussion of abstract principles to their remotest consequences. As he talks to the reader in his preface, so do his personages talk to each other in the play; and we have no doubt that, if he finds leisure to peep into Euripides, those parts delight him most in which two personages play a kind of controversial fencing-match, and which are commonly written in trochaic tetrameters. It is hard to confute the arguments in favour of marital clemency which he not only inserts in his preface to *Les Deux Sœurs*, but also puts into the mouth of the wise and virtuous lady of the piece. Suppose that a gentleman living in a country like France—where only a *séparation de corps*, and not a divorce, is allowed by the law—does not condone his wife in the unpleasant event of infidelity, how is he to get through the remainder of his existence? Four methods are systematically enumerated by M. de Girardin. 1. The wronged husband may wrong another husband in his turn, and become the lover of a married woman *qui le consolera*. 2. He may seduce an unmarried woman. 3. He may be the lover of a *femme payée*; or, 4. He may devote himself to absolute continence. Here is not a dilemma, but a tetralemma with four terrible horns. Escape them if you can, unfortunate husband living in a country where divorce is not allowed. M. de Girardin is not addressing England, blessed with a Sir J. Wilde, nor Germany, nor Belgium, nor the United States, nor Switzerland; but Frenchmen must read and tremble.

We recommend to the attention of a world that likes to talk about subjects once excluded from polite conversation, the very felicitous expression *femme payée*. It is not much more offensive than "social evil," while at the same time it has the advantage of being much less vague and indefinite. Those who can appreciate this phrase are worthy to enjoy the following tirade in *Les Deux Sœurs*, uttered by an outraged husband, who can so command the tempest of his wrath as to rail against adultery from a purely pecuniary stand-point:—

Le méprisable séducteur! Quelle excuse peut-il invoquer? N'y a-t-il pas à Paris assez de femmes qui se vendent et qu'on peut acheter? Oui, mais les femmes qu'on achète il faut les payer! Elles vous déconsidèrent, tandis que les femmes qu'on vole à leur mari ne vous coûtent rien et vous font briller!

Le Supplice d'une Femme was intended to illustrate the subject of pardon; in *Les Deux Sœurs* the question was to be discussed whether a duel between a too-successful lover and an injured

husband came within the range of moral possibilities. "Montrez-moi le mari provoquant l'amant en duel, afin que je juge si un duel entre eux est possible," says M. de Girardin in his preface. He accepts his own challenge; he sets before his own eyes the spectacle of two men of honour placed in the required position, and the impossibility of the duel is manifest. With some slight recollection of the doings in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we had fancied that a single combat between an injured husband and his wife's paramour was one of the common events of a day in which duels and indiscriminate gallantry were prevalent. Nay, so erroneous were our notions that we regarded the chance of being pinked or shot by a husband as one of the checks that imperfectly kept libertines within the bounds of order. But M. de Girardin has corrected all fallacies of that kind. If a duel between a husband and a paramour is morally impossible, of course we must believe that no such duel ever occurred, unless we rest on the "Credo, quia impossibile" of Tertullian. And that it is impossible there is no doubt, for Robert de Puybrun and Le Duc Armand de Beaulieu, two of the characters in *Les Deux Sœurs*, have so thoroughly settled the point by dint of a sharp debate which ends in the death of both disputants, that they have even convinced the mind to which they are indebted for their creation.

So much have we been taken up with the tendency of *Les Deux Sœurs* that we have scarcely touched upon the plot. It need not detain us long. Valentine and Cécile are two sisters of good family. Cécile is married to the Marquis de Terrepiane, a worn-out *roué* who has not a single good quality save the possession of numerous estates, and whom the author, evidently feeling that he cannot make him interesting, does not even show to the audience. However, Cécile is a good young lady, and, having married the cross-grained old profligate to please her mother, devotes herself to his comfort, and to the care of a sickly little girl, the offspring of this ultra-rational union. Valentine, on the other hand, has married M. Robert de Puybrun, a gentleman who, though he has been a libertine in his day, adores her with a love that takes the form of unreasonable jealousy. Now, while Cécile regards duty, under whatever disagreeable form presented, as the one object of life, Valentine allows her imagination to go astray, and professes, in the presence of her sister, a laxity of principle that would certainly have drawn from the lips of Tennyson's North-country farmer the exclamation, "She wur a' bad'un, shëa." Such a very fast young lady can scarcely fail to tumble over a precipice. At the end of the first act she has with the greatest difficulty persuaded her husband to let her go alone to Vichy, and has promised to acquaint the gallant Duc de Beaulieu with the day of departure. In the second act, she is in the midst of the gaieties of Vichy, whither the Duke has followed her, and we have reason to believe that, in the interval that occurred between the beginning of this act and the end of the first, something wrong took place. Hearing that her husband is about to rejoin her, and feeling that she can no longer remain proof against his jealous suspicions, she implores the Duke to fly with her to some foreign country. The Duke is moved by her entreaties, but, to use a common expression, he "doesn't see it." An intrigue with a married woman living under her husband's roof is amusing enough, but the same lady thrown upon one's hands altogether is a shocking incumbrance. So reasons the Duke, and a hurricane of reproach from the lips of Valentine is the natural consequence. If the Duke won't go with her, Valentine will run away by herself; and the hampered libertine, who, like all sinners of the kind, is the very soul of honour, at last yields to her entreaties. The railway is to free the lovers from the chance of a collision with intrusive M. Robert de Puybrun, but unfortunately they miss the train, and are caught by the husband on the platform. Here arises the question of the duello, which M. de Girardin has solved so completely to his own satisfaction. Robert does all he can to provoke the Duke—even threatens to spit in his face; but the Duke, whose reputation for courage is too high to be compromised, absolutely refuses to fight. In this resolution he is confirmed by Valentine, who makes him give his word of honour that no hostile encounter shall take place. The result of this logic is, that Robert, bringing in a brace of pistols, shoots the Duke dead, and immediately blows out his own brains. In the piece, as originally written, the Duke was slightly wounded, and the fourth act was occupied with his trial for the murder of Robert, to which Valentine was summoned as a witness. The Duke was acquitted, but Valentine died immediately after the trial, being worn out with anxiety and remorse. In the three-act version which is put on the stage her fate is left doubtful. Perhaps, if M. Alexandre Dumas fils had effected the modification, M. de Girardin would have found out that the moral purpose of his work was completely frustrated, and that the trial of the Duke was absolutely necessary for the realization of the "idea." However, with his own creations he has a right to do as he thinks meet.

After all, does M. de Girardin sincerely believe that his stage-teachings are so thoroughly novel? There is an old drama by Kotzebue, called *Menschenhass und Reue*, which every playgoer in London knows as the *Stranger*, and a French version of which is not unfamiliar to Paris. In that drama, it was definitely settled by Kotzebue that a husband might pardon an erring wife in the event of sincere contrition. The long-separated pair used to rush into each other's arms; but as many found this reconciliation offensive, some Alexandre Dumas unknown to fame caused the lady to fall senseless at the gentleman's feet, so as to leave matters in doubt. There is nothing new under the sun, not even the ethics of M. de Girardin.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S LECTURES.*

WE are not surprised to find a new edition of Mr. Goldwin Smith's Oxford Lectures called for after the lapse of from four to five years since their delivery, as three out of the four lectures are distinctly of more than temporary value. Nor are we sorry that he has thought it right to reprint the more ephemeral Inaugural Lecture, as it has afforded him an opportunity, which he has seized with characteristic and manly straightforwardness, of noting one or two points in which he has seen occasion to change or modify his views. That Mr. Goldwin Smith, on his appointment to the Chair of Modern History, should have taken a more hopeful view of things than facts have since borne out, is in no wise wonderful or blameworthy. When he delivered his Inaugural Lecture, he was evidently in some degree carried away by the idea, once prevalent, of a special school for rich men, men of birth, men likely to have opportunities of serving their country in various ways, and for whom "Modern" History was somehow supposed to be a more profitable study than "Ancient." The Inaugural Lecture does not at all show that Mr. Goldwin Smith ever held this theory in the extreme form in which it was occasionally put forth some years back, and the few notes now added do not at all show that he has given up the germ of truth on which the theory was founded. But it is plain that experience has led him to have much less faith in the theory than he had, and this change he has the manliness to confess. Experience shows that many men of rank and wealth have distinguished themselves in the School of Law and Modern History. But many men of the same class, sometimes the very same men, have also distinguished themselves in the elder School. And many men who were not men of rank or wealth have distinguished themselves in the Modern History School also. Some have preferred it to the Classical School; some (far better) have added it to the Classical School; some, with good natural abilities, but without the advantages of a good early education, have found it the only sphere open to them. That a remarkable proportion of the aristocratic class have distinguished themselves in the School is perhaps partly to be attributed to the fact that members of the most aristocratic College have unusual advantages for the study. Christ Church, which does very little anywhere else, does a great deal in this particular School. Possibly this is as much owing to the efficiency of the present Lees Reader as to any special adaptation of the study to the men. Still the fact is so, and, so far, it tells in favour of the view which, in a modified form, is Mr. Goldwin Smith's view. But that our future magistrates and members of Parliament should troop into the Modern History School in a body was, and is, a mere dream. Mr. Goldwin Smith probably never expected it in its fulness, but he allows that he expected more than has taken place. The plain fact is that the School is starved. There once was such a thing as a love of learning for its own sake. But those days are passed. Learning is now a marketable commodity, valuable for what it can command. The Classical School commands a great many good things; the Mathematical and Scientific Schools each command a few good things. But the School of Law and Modern History commands no good things at all. There was indeed once a dream that it should command thirty fellowships at All Souls', but that dream has proved itself to be even more completely a dream than the other.

But, leaving these local or ephemeral matters, let us turn to those among Mr. Goldwin Smith's Lectures which are of permanent value—namely, the three which follow the Inaugural Lecture. Here we find no signs of any change of opinion. For Mr. Goldwin Smith is dealing here, not with matters in any way local or temporary, but with matters of eternal truth. It is here that he is thoroughly in his element. He is, above all men since his predecessor Arnold, emphatically the prophet of righteousness. No one ever had a stronger sense of right and wrong. No one ever had a stronger sense of religion in the highest meaning of the word; and that just because no man was ever more free from the cant of religion, the cant of humanity, or cant of any kind. Mr. Goldwin Smith may now and then have made a wrong estimate of facts; he may have taken up a side too hastily, and not always have thoroughly weighed the facts on the other side. But, granting his facts, his deductions from those facts are invariably such as embodied righteousness herself would make. He is a man who never paltered with a conviction, who never allowed his eyes to be blinded by personal or party passions. These are among the highest qualifications that a teacher of history can have, and they never stood out in a higher form than in the Lectures before us. Mr. Goldwin Smith is a Christian teacher in a sense incomparably higher than if he fell to sermonizing in every page. It is hardly necessary to say that he is not a Papist, and that he is not a Comtist; but, further than this, there is not a word in these Lectures to commit their author to any shade of orthodoxy or heterodoxy. But no man has a clearer belief that man is a moral and responsible being, that there is a God that judgeth the earth, that the only perfect morality is that of the Gospel, and that the systems which have been most hostile to the Gospel have done whatever good they have done by virtue of what they borrowed from the Gospel. This, and not sectarian babbling, is the sort of Christianity which is needed in a teacher of history—a teacher, in short, of God's dealings towards man; and of such a Christianity

as this there never was a more earnest and at the same time more unaffected preacher than Mr. Goldwin Smith.

The only question which the Lectures suggest is, in fact, whether they would not have been more suited for another Chair. Mr. Goldwin Smith seems sometimes almost to wander from the field of history proper into that of moral philosophy. A person ignorant of history would certainly gain no historical knowledge from these Lectures, but one versed in history may learn a great deal as to the way in which he ought to look at the object of his study. It is clear that, with Mr. Goldwin Smith, historical truth, accuracy of facts, is simply a means to an end—a means to guide us to moral truth. And no doubt, in a general view of things, this is just as it should be; no doubt the teacher of that knowledge which is but the means should never let the end pass wholly out of sight. Still the immediate business of an historical teacher is with historical facts, and in the present Lectures historical facts are throughout assumed, and not taught. But, whether Mr. Goldwin Smith has stepped beyond his own province or not, we are equally thankful to him for a denunciation, so vigorous and often so eloquent, of many current fallacies. It is with a feeling of thorough comfort that we stand by while he goes forth conquering and to conquer, upsetting delusion after delusion, here with a pithy and unanswerable question, here with a touch of that overwhelming sarcasm which all prudent men pray may never be applied to themselves. The way in which Mr. Goldwin Smith extinguishes the Necessarians with their "moral statistics" is delightful beyond expression:—

It seems that, feel as free as we may, our will is bound by a law compelling the same number of men to commit the same number of crimes within a certain cycle. The cycle, curiously enough, coincides with the period of a year which is naturally selected by the Registrar-General for his reports. But, first, the statistics tendered are not moral, but legal. They tell us only the outward act, not its inward moral character. They set down alike under Murder the act of a Kish or a Palmer, and the act of an Othello. Secondly, we are to draw some momentous inference from the uniformity of the returns. How far are they uniform? M. Quetelet gives the number of convictions in France for the years 1826, '7, '8, '9, severally as 4,348, 4,236, 4,551, 4,475. The similarity is easily accounted for by that general uniformity of human nature which we all admit. How is the difference, amounting to more than 300 between one year and the next, to be accounted for except by free-will? But, thirdly, it will be found that these statistics are unconsciously, but effectually, garbled. To prove the law of the uniformity of crime, periods are selected when crime was uniform. Instead of four years of the Restoration, in which we know very well there was no great outburst of wickedness, give us a table including the civil war between the Burgundians and the Armagnacs, the St. Bartholomew, and the Reign of Terror, or the days of June 1848. It will be said, perhaps, that this was under different circumstances; but it is a free use of the term "circumstance" to include in it all the evil and foolish actions of men which lead to, or are committed in, a sanguinary revolution. Social and criminal statistics are most valuable; the commencement of their accurate registration will probably be a great epoch in the history of legislation and government; but the reason why they are so valuable is that they are not fixed by necessity, as the Necessarians allege or insinuate, but variable, and may be varied for the better by the wisdom of governments—governments which Necessarians are always exhorting to reform themselves, instead of showing how their goodness or badness necessarily arises from the climate or the food. If the statistics were fixed by necessity, to collect them would be a mere indulgence of curiosity, like measuring all the human race when we could not add a cubit to their stature.

And so the Lecturer goes on to point out the loose use of the words "probability" and "chance" which is common in speculations of this kind:—

Probability relates to human actions, which cannot be calculated unless you can find a certain antecedent for the will. Chance is mere ignorance of physical causes; ignorance in what order the cards will turn up, because we are ignorant in what order they are turned down; and it is difficult to see by what manipulation, out of mere ignorance, knowledge can be deduced. It is worth remarking also that an average is not law: not only so, but the taking an average rather implies that no law is known.

This is the sort of terse way in which Mr. Goldwin Smith turns the weapons of his enemies against themselves. So he goes on to deal with Comte's famous three stages of the progress of science—"Theological," "Metaphysical," and "Positive." He stops to tell us by the way that "Positive" "has a double meaning—*atheistical* and *sound*; so that the use of it, in effect, involves a continual begging of the question." We remember ourselves, years ago, when such things were newer than they are now, making a desperate attempt to find out what the Positive Philosophy might be, and getting no further than the information that "positive" meant "negative." Mr. Goldwin Smith goes on to ask, "How can M. Comte tell that the 'Positive' era is the end of all? How can he tell that the three stages he has before him are anything more than a mere segment of a more extensive law?" The following passage strikes us as being one of the most vigorous to be found through the whole series of Lectures:—

The Greek, for the most part, rose lightly from the banquet of life to pass into that unknown land with whose mystery speculation had but dallied, and of which comedy had made a jest. The Roman lay down almost as lightly to rest after his course of public duty. But now, if Death could really regain his victory in the mind of man, hunger and philosophy together would hardly hold life in its course. The latest and most thoroughgoing school of materialism has found it necessary to provide something for man's spiritual nature, and has made a shadowy divinity out of the abstract veiling of humanity, and a shadowy immortality of the soul out of a figment that the dead are greater than the living. Lucretius felt no such need.

It is no wonder, when Mr. Goldwin Smith writes in this kind of way, that the whole of the new-fashioned school are in arms against him. He is in fact their most dangerous enemy. If he were a zealot of any theological school, their answer to him would be easy. But no one can charge him with

* Lectures on the Study of History, delivered in Oxford, 1859-61. By Goldwin Smith, M.A. Second Edition. Oxford and London: J. H. & J. Parker. 1865.

superstition, no one can charge him with religious partisanship. He has done what they only pretend to have done; he has thought out everything fully and freely, unbiassed alike by the bondage of traditional prejudices and by the temptation to run after new and enticing doctrines. The advocate of a sect or a dogma will always have it thrown in his teeth, with more or less of truth, that he is seeking something besides simple truth—namely, the victory of such sect or dogma. No such charge can be brought against Mr. Goldwin Smith. The love of truth for its own sake, at all costs and all hazards, shines forth in every line of his Lectures. He has gone through the whole controversy with full impartiality, and he decides against the Comtist view of history, and for the Christian view. But when we have got as far as that, we can get no further. Mr. Goldwin Smith believes in the moral government of the world; he believes in the morality of the Gospel; he believes in the free will of man; he believes in a progress in the world's history, but a progress which follows the exact proportion in which nations and individuals approach to that Gospel morality. Here is enough to make every Comtist Mr. Goldwin Smith's enemy, but here is nothing to entitle any theological faction to claim him. There is a solitary grandeur about a position of this kind which to sectarians, whether theological or atheistical, must be specially galling. Mr. Goldwin Smith, in short, is a living confutation of Necessarian theories; he is the very embodiment of free will, of personal freedom of action. No subtle law of averages, no fortuitous combination of atoms, could ever have produced him.

Here is one more passage, in which we see how Mr. Goldwin Smith deals with the doctrine of progress, how far he accepts it, and by what laws he judges of it. Nowhere can we find a better instance of the way in which he is ready to recognise such good as there is even in the worst men and the worst systems; or, again, how utterly unable mere popular glory and splendour are to blind his eyes to the evil of a greatness founded wholly upon wrong:—

The French Revolution again, with all its crimes and follies, must, up to a certain point in its course, be accepted as a step, though a sinister and equivocal step, in the progress of mankind. But we have brought all that was good in the French Revolution—its aspirations after universal brotherhood, and a universal reign of liberty and justice—into the pale of moral Christianity with Rousseau and Voltaire. From no other source than Christianity was derived the genuine spirit of self-devotion which, it is vain to doubt, sent forth on a crusade for the freedom and happiness of man, the best soldiers of the Revolutionary armies—those of whom Hoche and Marceau were the gentle, brave, and chivalrous types. On the other hand, it was not from Christianity, but from a dark depravation of Christianity, abhorred by all in whom the graces of the Christian character are seen, that the Montagnards derived that lust of persecution which reproduced the Inquisition and its butcheries in the Committee of Public Safety and the Reign of Terror. There are men, neither mad nor wicked, to whom the enthusiasts of the Jacobin Club are still objects of fervent admiration. Such a feeling is strange, but not unaccountable. The account of it is to be found in the faint tradition of Christian fraternity which passed from the Gospel through Rousseau to Robespierre and St. Just, and which has redeemed even these sinister names from the utter execration of history. Deep as was the abyss of crime into which those fanatics fell, there was a deeper abyss beyond. All influence of Christianity was indeed gone when the lives of millions and the hopes of a world were sacrificed, not to any political or social visions, however chimerical, but to the utterly selfish and utterly atheistic ambition of Napoleon. The worship of that conqueror by the nation which gave the blood of its children to his evil deity for the sake of sharing his domination, was, under the forms of a civilized age, the worship of Moloch and the worship of Cæsar, the old antagonists of Jehovah and of Christ. Comte is at least an impartial witness in this matter; and Comte sees progress in Jacobinism, where Christianity was still faintly present, while he most justly pronounces the domination of Napoleon to have been utterly retrograde.

At the same time, though every word of Mr. Goldwin Smith's denunciation is strictly true, we must not forget that even in the career of Bonaparte there were stages. In his case, as in every other, *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. It is easy to see a stage in which Bonaparte had not got beyond the usual immorality of conquerors, when he did not scruple at any crime which suited his purpose, but when he did not do more mischief than was absolutely necessary for his purpose. Such men have lived before, and have done mingled good and evil to their race. The Swiss Act of Mediation sets before us Bonaparte in this earlier frame, unscrupulous indeed, but not yet maddened by pride nor eager after wanton mischief. That Act did real good; it was the work of a man who was still sharp-sighted enough to see what was just and what was possible, and who still, like Cæsar, did not do wrong except with good cause. In a later stage we see him utterly maddened with successful crime, reckless alike of right and of possibility, sacrificing alike justice and prudence to the mere whim of his personal vanity. This kind of glory and progress has its prophets among us; it is well that there is one alike so impartial and so unsparing as Mr. Goldwin Smith to raise a voice on the other side.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE POPES.*

UNDER the guise of an elaborate historical monograph, M. de l'Épinois here reasserts the old fallacies about the Pope's temporal power which exercise so bewildering an influence on the more rational of its defenders. The book is undoubtedly carefully and conscientiously written, and the writer has expended on it not a little labour in the examination of a portion of the wonderful riches in the way of original documents which lie hid in the Vatican. Father Theiner, the Prussian Oratorian, who lives and labours at Rome, is not one of the extreme Ultramontane

party, and he is a man of very great learning in matters of ecclesiastical history; and in acting upon the suggestions, and in some degree under the guidance, of that distinguished scholar, M. de l'Épinois possessed advantages which are not always available to the most ardent and persevering of historians. Nevertheless his book is valueless as an argument, because he starts by adopting all the absurd prejudices of the ultra-clerical party, and is totally unaware of the confusion of thought involved in the conclusions he draws. How can we hope for a fair and candid statement of bare historical facts from a writer who attributes all attacks on the power of the Popes to moral obliquity? We look, of course, for this sort of thing in Papal allocutions, and in the manifestoes of the episcopal pen generally all over the world. We are disgusted, though hardly surprised, when it is announced on episcopal authority that the cholera and the cattle plague are a visitation to punish an ungodly age that listens to the charming of a Bishop Colenso; and when we painfully toil through the cumbrous Latinity of a pastoral from the Vatican, we know beforehand whereabouts the cursing will come, and whereabouts the lamentations, and whereabouts the misrepresentations. All this is *de rigueur* on such occasions; so much so that, if by any chance a Pontiff were to address his "venerable brethren" without discharging the customary anathemas, he would probably be suspected as a false prophet—a very Balaam who, having been set up to curse, found himself constrained to bless, though very much against his will. But in a layman and an historian we look for better things; and when we find M. de l'Épinois adopting the old foolish theory that all the saints are on his side, and all the sinners on the other, we cannot help suspecting that the general dryness of his narrative is not the dryness of a conscientious Dryadust, who is content with barren facts, however dull; and that, although he cannot marshal his facts so as to give breadth and life to his narratives, he yet knows how to choose them so as to tell exclusively in his own favour. Then, too, M. l'Épinois is too much of the sentimental and impulsive order of men to be a fair exponent of historical questions. What is to be expected in the way of careful accuracy from a gentleman who thinks that the happiest day of his life was that on which he joined in the crowd that followed the Pope from the Vatican to the *Chiesa Nuova*, and shouted at the top of his voice what he calls *cris d'amour* as the Pontiff drove along, in a state of intoxicated orthodoxy and enthusiasm?

As to the general line of argument which his book is meant to illustrate, it is altogether beside the mark. No one doubts or denies that the sovereignty of the Popes over their dominions has been a legitimate sovereignty, according to the rules recognised by European nations. Nor, again, is it denied that in its commencement it rested on at least as good a foundation as those of the majority of other States, and has at times been eminently productive of good to its people. Nor, further still, does anybody doubt that the Papal Power has had its full share of the invasions which it is the lot of smaller Powers to suffer at the hands of powerful neighbours. As to this last fact, however, it must be added, that no other Power has ever so incessantly provoked the attacks to which it has been subjected. M. de l'Épinois has read his documents to very little purpose, or else, like the Irish country magistrate, he has carefully abstained from puzzling his judgment by hearing both sides of the question, if he is ignorant of that ceaseless meddling in the affairs of other sovereigns which the Popes have practised under the pretence of guiding the consciences of Catholics all over the world. The Holy Father, making a grievance out of the attempts of other princes to possess themselves of his territory, recalls the fable of the wolf disturbing the stream at the fountain-head, and charging the lamb below with the defilement of the water.

Arguments like that of M. de l'Épinois never, in fact, attempt fairly to meet the one real objection to the continuance of the Papal sovereignty. They shirk all notice of the great fact that it is a sovereignty which, under colour of standing on the same footing and possessing the same legitimate rights as other governments, is practically turned to the furtherance of wholly distinct purposes, which neutralize the advantages that ordinary governments secure to their subjects. Professing to exist for the benefit of the Pope's subjects, it is in reality a government carried on for the benefit of the clerical order throughout Roman Christendom. By the ingenious but easily practised sleight-of-hand so common amongst ecclesiastics, a logical trick, like that of the old optical trick of the "thaumatrope," is played off upon the understandings of those who have neither the courage to question sacerdotal pretensions nor the wit to disentangle sacerdotal fallacies. Were the issue fairly laid before "good Catholics" of the higher classes in all parts of Europe, the Papal sovereignty would lose multitudes of its present supporters. But the clerical party are far too clear-sighted to desire that this daring experiment should be tried. They are never weary of reminding the world of the great things the Popes have done for civilization and freedom, and how scandalous it is to foster treason and revolution against a lawfully constituted government. Yet all this is a mere throwing of dust into the eyes of their friends, in order to conceal the fact that good secular government is no longer the one paramount object of the Papal administration. Thus the two questions are hopelessly confused, and men do not perceive that, whichever view be taken of the Papal rights, the real matter at issue is never thoroughly sifted. If the Pope's government is like other governments, then it ought to be radically reformed, as all bad governments ought to be reformed—by extreme measures, if

* *Le Gouvernement des Papes et les Révolutions dans les États de l'Église.* Par Henri de l'Épinois. Paris: Didier.

ordinary measures are tried and fail. If it exists on a foundation peculiar to itself, appointed by a special divine ordinance, either mediately or immediately, for the convenience of a divinely appointed clerical caste, then it follows that every discussion as to its secular misdeeds is uncalled for and worthless. Bad, good, or indifferent, and *coûte qui coûte*, it must be upheld. This kind of reasoning would, however, never answer, and therefore weak-minded enthusiasts like M. de l'Épinois are paternally patted on the head, and encouraged to imagine themselves historians, while they are little better than special pleaders speaking to a brief furnished them, by the defendant's keen-witted attorney.

The clerical dread of a full and open discussion of the question is, moreover, intensified by a secret consciousness that it must force on the Catholic world the whole subject of clerical celibacy with a prominence most unpleasant to contemplate. The maintenance of the celibacy of the clergy is, in truth, mixed up with the preservation of the Papal sovereignty so inextricably that the two can scarcely be treated separately, even in theory. In practice, this celibacy is an absolute necessity to the working of that overpowering centralization by which the Roman Government rules despotically the whole of Catholic Christendom, while at the same time it converts the clergy into a distinct caste, separated from mankind in general by the absence of those ties of love and affection which are the bonds of all human society. An unmarried clergy, as the experience of centuries has plainly shown, can never thoroughly understand what human life actually is, in all its intense realities of sorrow and joy. Even on the Roman theory itself, which holds that by the very words of the Bible the unmarried life is higher and more spiritual than the married, a celibate clergy would be unfitted for the control of secular affairs. They would be fitted only for a life apart from that of all ordinary men and women; and common sense would shut them up in convents, away from the strife, the labours, and the enjoyments of the men and women whom they profess to regard as standing on a lower religious level than themselves. Thus the Roman priesthood are not merely a dominant oligarchy; they are an oligarchy of the worst kind—an oligarchy separated from the people they rule by so fatal an alienation of nature that a sympathetic coalescence of interests between the governors and the governed is simply an impossibility.

It need hardly be added that M. de l'Épinois makes no effort to meet this aspect of the thesis he has proposed to himself. Still less need we expect to meet in his pages with an exposition of the grounds on which the present Pontiff bases his amazing declaration that he is bound in conscience not to consent to the alienation of any portion of the territory that was transmitted to him by his predecessors. In truth, the declaration is so transparent a fallacy that it needs all the audacity of clerical logic to put it forward with a grave countenance. In poor old George III. it was excusable that he should scout a rational explanation of his coronation oath as the quibbling of "Mr. Dundas's Scotch metaphysics." But it is too absurd that the Head of a Church which glories in its casuistic skill should seriously tell the world that the sovereign who claims a supreme right of regulating the spiritual and secular affairs of the clergy of all Roman Christendom, who can abolish bishoprics and alienate their revenues, is actually forbidden to renounce the sovereignty of Bologna and its neighbourhood. The whole theory about the absolute consecration of land or other property to the service of religion, so that it becomes what is technically termed a "dead end," rests, in truth, on a quicksand. No man can give to the Church that which he does not himself possess. What he gives to the Church he gives subject to the conditions on which he himself has hitherto held it. Property, by becoming ecclesiastical, does not cease to be liable to those secular laws in accordance with which it was originally held. When the Popes acquired their territories, they accordingly acquired them just such as they were. To assert, therefore, that the Church can only receive gifts, and never return them, is a logical paradox. It is only one of those *argumenta ad superstitionem* which are held in *terrorem* over the heads of a trembling laity with such fatal results to the actual advance of the science of good government, and of all other sciences besides. If Pius IX. has succeeded in frightening himself with the same casuistical bugbear with which he frightens his adherents, he does not therefore succeed in justifying his conduct; he only furnishes the world with one additional proof that it is possible to be a very good man and a very bad reasoner at one and the same time. And, if any fresh caution were needed to warn the simple-minded that they neither give nor grant anything to the all-devouring power of Rome, it is this latest proof that she has but one view as to human rights—namely, that she is divinely appointed to receive everything, and to grant nothing.

Me vestigia terrent,
Omnia to adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.

THE PRÉCIEUSES.*

WHATEVER may be the precise truth of the description of the ancient French Monarchy as "a despotism tempered by epigrams," there can be no doubt that the influence of the *salon* is a fact of considerable historical importance. M. de Barthélemy, in his lucid introduction to this collection of letters, traces the rise of

what may be termed the *précieuse* movement in French society, so pungently, and, as he would have us believe, unjustly, ridiculed by Molière. In the life of nations, after a period of turbulence and commotion comes a period of reaction, when the national mind inclines to repose and to purely intellectual activity. Such a period was that which succeeded the long dissensions of the League, and the accession of Henry IV. Previously to the reign of that monarch, women had begun to appear at Court, and take their position in society. But civil war, with its incidental evils, and the example of a sovereign whose gallantries were notorious, checked the growth of their humanizing influence. It was reserved for a later generation of women to purge society of the grossness which such a state of things had engendered, and, as M. de Barthélemy says, "sociabiliser les hommes." The social revolution which they were the instrument of effecting between the beginning and the end of the seventeenth century is reflected in their own character and manners. Bussy-Rabutin, criticizing the attitude of women during the latter years of Henry IV., says that, seeing that they must have languished in inaction unless they had made the first advances, or at least if they had been hardhearted, many of them were complaisant, and some brazen-faced. Sixty years later, on the contrary, these are the terms in which the learned Huet, Bishop of Avranches, paints the position and rôle of women in his treatise on the Origin of the Romance:—

The polish of our gallantry comes, in my opinion, from the great liberty in which men in this country mix with women. In Italy and Spain they are almost recluses, and are separated by so many obstacles that one can hardly ever speak to them, so that men have neglected to cajole them pleasantly, for sheer lack of opportunity. They endeavour to surmount the difficulty of approaching them merely, without dallying with forms; whereas in France, women, trusting to their good faith, and having no other defence than their own virtue and heart, have so made themselves a rampart stronger and safer than all the keys, all the screens, and all the vigilance of duennas. Men have thus been forced to attack these ramparts by formal approaches, and have taken so much pains and employed so much skill in reducing them, that they have made of it an art almost unknown among other nations.

The *Précieuses* who were the objects of Molière's satire represent, according to M. de Barthélemy, merely a phase or episode in this remarkable transmutation of female character and influence. They mark the time when the movement, healthy and beneficent in its inception, passed into a period of extravagance and exaggeration. The addition of the epithet "*ridicules*" to the title of Molière's play implies that it was only a certain class of learned ladies whose follies he intended to satirize. To bring this out more clearly, our author divides the history of "preciosity" into three periods. The first synchronizes with the duration of Madame de Rambouillet's famous *salon*. During this stage the object of "preciosity" was moral rather than literary. To be *précieuse* was to be a declared advocate of greater purity of manners, and to protest against the coarseness and laxity which received the countenance of a corrupt Court. This stage was succeeded by one in which it became the fashion for women to be, or affect to be, learned. From Paris the mania soon caught the provinces, where it naturally took the shape of a more bouncing absurdity, to which Molière, in *La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas*, devotes a special study. Female society, in the capital as well as in the country towns, was split up into a number of coteries, alcoves, and "bureaux d'esprit," which re-echoed from morning to night with pedantic jargon. The third and last period may be called the renaissance of the *précieuse* movement, purged and divested of its parasitical absurdities. It ends with the accession of Madame de Maintenon to power, who consecrates, so to say, the triumph of literary society over the corrupt society of the Court—a triumph short-lived enough, as M. de Barthélemy is fain to admit, but which left its mark nevertheless on the succeeding century.

Two results M. de Barthélemy considers fairly attributable to the reign of the *Précieuses*. They conferred a twofold benefit on society—first, by introducing a standard of refinement and decorum hitherto unknown; and secondly, by the critical ability which they brought to bear on literature and language. With regard to the first of these services, we are inclined to think that M. de Barthélemy overrates its value. His language is somewhat vague, but some of his expressions—such as "changement radical" and "réforme morale"—seem to imply that it was not merely an improvement of manners, but of morals, which Madame de Rambouillet and her orthodox successors introduced. We say her orthodox successors, because there is a broad line of demarcation between her school and the shallow pretenders who found the affectation of learning a convenient cloak for their gallantries. The description which Somaize gives of the mock *Précieuses* shows how little their example was calculated to advance the interests of morality. "The third class," he remarks, "consists of those who, having either a little more wealth or a little more beauty than the rest, try to make themselves remarkable, and, for that purpose, read all the romances and all the love stories that appear. All sorts of persons are welcomed by them; they receive verses from all who send them, and often take part in criticizing them, although they make none, fancying that they are perfect judges because they are always reading them. They would be unable to endure those who are ignorant of gallantry, and, as they try to talk fine, they utter sometimes new words without being aware of it, which, being pronounced with a careless air, and with all the delicacy imaginable, often appear as good as they are extraordinary." The services rendered to morality by fair critics of this order were probably rather questionable. But it may be doubted whether those of the intellectual ladies who found so plentiful a crop of

* *Les Amis de la Marquise de Sablé. Recueil de Lettres des Principaux Habités de son Salon. Annotées par Edouard de Barthélemy. Paris: Dentu. 1865.*

caricaturists were much greater. Their influence, and probably their aim, went no further than to spread a varnish of external propriety over the social relations of the two sexes. How compatible this outward decency was with tolerance of gross immorality may be seen from a note which M. de Barthélemy appends to the twenty-eighth page of his preface. Madame de Montausier was a *précieuse pur sang*, being the daughter of the Marchioness of Rambouillet, the apostle and leader of this "moral reform." In explanation of an allusion to the celebrated mistress of Louis XIV., which occurs in one of these letters, the editor adds:—

Il existait une grande intimité entre Madame de Montespan et Madame de Montausier, cette dernière s'étant montrée très accommodante dans les amours du roi.

There is a slight incongruity between the two characters of moral reformer and countenancer of regal adulteries. By the culture and polish which the *précieuse* movement unquestionably imparted to it, society was a gainer; only not to the extent, as it appears to us, that M. de Barthélemy represents. Whether it be true that vice loses half its evil in losing all its grossness, is an inquiry which opens too wide a field to enter on just now. One thing is clear, that a varnish of external decorum is by no means synonymous with a genuine moral reform. The history of the *Précieuses* is a forcible illustration of this; for if they are entitled to the credit of introducing an era of politeness which tinged the literature and manners of their nation, and which unquestionably acted as a curb on overt license, on the other hand they are open to the charge of having sapped the public morals by divesting vice of its coarse and repulsive features, and adding a hundredfold to its fascination by the refinements and elegances with which they surrounded it. The improvement in the tone of social intercourse due to their efforts may be admitted, subject to this qualification.

The second and more durable service which they rendered to society consists in the erection of a school of criticism which has left its mark on the national language and literature. M. de Barthélemy is alive to the many absurdities which were perpetrated in the cause of "preciosity." He points out that, while the authors of the movement merely intended to polish the rude language inherited from the preceding age, their successors carried their purist zeal to a ridiculous extreme. Their aim was to banish altogether common words and simplicity of expression; above all, words susceptible of an awkward double-meaning, and phrases which, in striking the ear, might give birth to unworthy ideas. The fair *Précieuse* who objected to the expression "I love melon," on the ground that it prostituted the word "love," and who sanctioned the use of nothing stronger than "esteem" in speaking of the fruit, is a type of the extravagant prudery of her literary fellow-labourers. One can scarcely credit that women of sense could address to each other such phrases as "Gratify, if you please, the desire that this seat has to embrace you," instead of "Take a chair"; or "Remove the superfluous part of this burner," instead of "Snuff the candle." But by the side of these absurdities, may be noticed many felicitous traces left by the *Précieuses* on the French language. M. de Barthélemy enumerates many of the words and phrases with which they have enriched the dictionary, and which survive to the present day in full force. Few, he observes, of those who daily repeat them are aware of their origin, and more than one assailant of the famous guild of learned ladies might himself be caught committing their offence. A still greater benefit which the language owes to them was the adoption of new rules of orthography, which set it free from the heavy and cumbrous trammels of the old French. The elision of superfluous letters—the redundant *s's*, in particular, in such words as "mesme" and "teste"—and the substitution of the circumflex accent, dates from this period; and this and other alterations were brought into fashion by the *Précieuses* of the second period, and finally sanctioned by the approval of Corneille and Racine. Even the prudery of the *Précieuses* had its use, for its effect was to purge the language of many antiquated and indecent words which disfigured it. In short, out of a state of grammatical anarchy were evolved order and method; the language was henceforth fixed, and the material part of this pacific revolution happily brought to a close. It is from this time that we see authors employing a style of their own, and creating for themselves literary individualities, instead of remaining confounded, as before, with the mass. The different kinds of literature were developed with greater neatness and precision. The illustrious writers of the seventeenth century confine themselves each to his own speciality; there was no longer one way of writing on all subjects, but the principle of the division of intellectual labour was for the first time thoroughly recognised. To these literary reforms the *Précieuses* may claim the merit of having powerfully contributed.

It would be unfair, when weighing their literary merits, to pass over two signal claims which may be advanced in their behalf to the gratitude of modern society. M. de Barthélemy holds that they were the founders both of conversation and of letter-writing, two eminently national accomplishments. His account of the rise of conversation in France strikes us as rather fanciful. It sprang, he says, from the desire of the women to inculcate on the men the principles brought into fashion by Madame de Rambouillet, and from the need which the men felt to ingratiate themselves with their fair instructors, and make them understand what they could no longer blurt out as heretofore. This is to take rather a low view of the art of conversation in its infancy, so far at least as the male sex is concerned. But unquestionably the learned coteries of

Paris constituted a nucleus whence a taste for conversation and a skill at tongue-fence were generated through the nation, and in this respect their influence is strongly felt even at the present day. The epistolary style—which is, in fact, a kind of conversation—is similarly referable to the *Précieuses*, and constitutes, in M. de Barthélemy's eyes, not the least merit of that refined society which could impart to all it touched its own polish and moral tone. But for this, so far as its formation is due to *précieuse* influence, modern society has less reason to be grateful. In letter-writing, as in other departments of French literature, too much is sacrificed to the genius of politeness. Force, and variety, and naturalness are lost in a dead level of drearily elaborate compliment. Madame de Sablé and her correspondents are engaged in one prolonged hymn of mutual flattery. And in proportion as the style is pompous and inflated, the matter is often insufferably trivial. A headache or migraine, the merits of a dish, or a recipe for making it—these are the trifles which are constantly set forth in stilted paragraphs which remind one more of two diplomatists drawing up an international convention than of two friends exchanging ideas.

None of the letters in this collection, which M. de Barthélemy offers as a supplement merely to preceding ones, possess much interest. Perhaps the most curious are those penned by the Duchess of Longueville, celebrated for her beauty and gallantries, but who seems nevertheless to have indulged in *précieuse* proclivities. They exhibit a whimsical combination of piety and epicurism—of sensitiveness to religious scruples, and appreciation of the pleasures of the table. After thanking her friend for a recipe for "English beef," the Duchess continues thus:—"If you have anything new to eat, let me know of it, for I scarcely think of anything else." The next letter is in a different strain. The writer's conscience is haunted by the thought that she has received absolution doubtfully, having omitted to confess some peccadillo to her spiritual adviser, and that she is therefore unfit to receive the Communion. It is not "the thing," which is "très petite," that troubles her, but the fear lest the thought of it may have thrown her into such a disposition of conscience as to make her absolution inefficacious. This was a fine-drawn point of casuistry for the sister of the great Condé; but then this was after she had turned *dévot*, and had reformed her gay life, concentrating the energies of a converted sinner, according to Tallemant, more than ever on good eating.

HEADS AND HANDS IN THE WORLD OF LABOUR.*

IT is not surprising that many conscientious people should be very slow and unwilling to adapt themselves to the great change which has passed, or is passing, over the relations between employers and the employed. Imperfect as the old attitude of protection and dependence usually proved to be, it at least involved a recognition of the obligations of the rich to the poor; and, to those who were brought up to regard their labourers somewhat as a benevolent planter may have regarded his slaves, the emancipation of the working-class, about which so much has been said of late years, may sometimes seem to sweep away a whole set of duties without providing anything to put in their place. In their eyes it must appear as though the new doctrines aimed at the very foundation of all the notions of right and wrong by which they have been accustomed to test either their own conduct or that of their dependents. The habits of respect and deference which they have aimed at cherishing in the latter are stigmatized as interested servility, while the kindness they have bestowed in return is reprobated with contemptuous pity, as tending to discourage industry and stifle self-reliance. When the landlord whose pride it has been to think himself a father to his peasantry comes to be haunted with a vague suspicion that he has been demoralizing them all the while, it is not wonderful if he learns to dislike every evidence of the temper which he has been doing his best to foster, without gaining any clearer conception of what it is that he wants to see substituted. Thus the distaste which is sometimes manifested towards the increased independence of the working-classes is not always an unamiable sentiment. Often enough, no doubt, it is simply the result of an instinctive feeling that the poor ought to have no wills of their own, and "should be called on for nothing but to do their day's work and be moral and religious." But in other cases, we believe this distaste springs from a quite different cause. It expresses a genuine unwillingness to see the one relationship which has hitherto been thought possible between the two classes disappear, and leave only an impassable gulf between them. If the poor are no longer to be treated like children; if for the future they will insist, not only on consulting their own interests, but on determining for themselves what those interests are; if they are to resent interference and to refuse control—on what footing is the intercourse between them and the rich to be carried on? Is it to come to an end altogether? Is the connection between the employer and his workmen to be reduced to one of simple contract—to an agreement to give on the one side as little work, and on the other side as little pay, as their respective interests will allow? One can imagine a man endued with some sense of the responsibilities which accompany wealth putting these questions to himself with a very real uneasiness, and clinging blindly, in default of getting an answer, to the old state of things.

And yet this anxiety is destitute of any foundation in fact.

* *Heads and Hands in the World of Labour.* By W. G. Blaikie, D.D., F.R.S.E. London: Alexander Strahan. 1865.

Make the independence of the working-classes as complete as possible, and there will still remain an abundance of methods in which their employers can benefit them without assuming any undue superiority, or claiming, even in appearance, anything beyond the stipulated labour in return for the stipulated wages. But it is very important to get the precise character in which he is to do this definitely understood on both sides. The mere fact of one man contracting with another to perform a certain amount of work for a certain sum of money creates no tie between them beyond the agreement itself. A master has no more right to concern himself about the religion, or the morality, or the prudence, or the personal or social habits of his workman, than the workman has to concern himself about those of his master. Still this entire independence of each other does not at all imply that the master's duties towards his workmen are summed up in the payment of their weekly wages. He and they are citizens of the same commonwealth; and since patriotism, like charity, ought to begin at home, to promote the elevation and prosperity of the people with whom he is more immediately brought into contact is in his case the most direct and practical shape which the love of country can possibly assume. Neighbourhood alone, therefore, would mark out his workmen as the natural objects of his benevolent exertions. But then, it may be said, what right has a man to advise, what obligation lies on him to assist, others because they happen to live near him, or to be brought constantly into definite and recurring relations with him? The answer is, he has the responsibility of superior knowledge, the responsibility which attaches to every one who sees how the condition of others can be improved, and who is thereby bound, in so far as he can do so without interfering with their perfect liberty of action, to show them how it can be improved. It is not because they are working-men, but because they are men whose position in life both needs to be raised and admits of being raised by their own efforts, provided only that those efforts are rightly directed, that those who have either the capacity or the opportunity for directing them are warranted in attempting to do so. And, further, a sense of justice in the master will go a great way towards the production of the very results which are often wrongly attributed to pure benevolence. He engages with a man to give him certain wages, in return for which he expects certain labour. But he has bargained only for that labour, together with the sacrifices which it necessarily involves, and therefore he is bound not to exact from the workman anything more than is essential to the performance of the contract. Thus he will take care that the sanitary arrangements of the shop or factory are as perfect as they can be made, and that every precaution is adopted against accidents from machinery or other similar dangers; for the simple reason that, if he were to do less than this, he would be demanding a sacrifice of health, and possibly of life itself, from the workman, for which he would not be offering him even a nominal equivalent. We believe that motives of this kind, though they may seem cold and commonplace when compared with those which arise from a sense of absolute control over dependents, or from the cosmopolitan ardour of an enthusiastic philanthropy, will be found to wear better and to afford a safer prospect of the desired results.

To how great an extent these more reasonable and practical views have been developed and disseminated of late years such a book as *Heads and Hands in the World of Labour* shows in a very noticeable way. The writer is a Scotch clergyman, and would therefore be disposed, both by nationality and profession, to set the claims of the master to the moral and religious control of his workmen as high as most people. But in theory, at any rate, he has completely realized the new order of things:—

Working-men have entered on the condition of free labourers dependent on no man. They go into the market with their one commodity—labour—to dispose of; and in disposing of it, they no more dispose of their opinions, or their habits, or their ways of life in general, than the baker who sells you a loaf, or the clothier who supplies you with a coat. The only surrender of their freedom they will make is that which is necessary for the prosecution of their employer's work, in accordance with the arrangements he has established; and even this minimum of sacrifice they watch with most jealous eye. They are suspicious of any encroachment, real or apparent. They will not even concede to their employer the right to hold a fatherly relation towards them, because fatherhood implies a general right of control, and such a right as that they will concede to no man. They give him their labour at the stipulated price; anything beyond that, if demanded as a right, they will resist to the last extremity.

Very many of the practical suggestions which the author brings together from various sources or adds from his own observation are written in an equally sensible strain. But we doubt whether he is not more to be trusted as to the physical than as to the moral aspect of the question. When, for instance, he says that "what is needed to make workmen's excursions both agreeable and useful is the presence of some member of the firm and his family," he obviously lays down as a rule what can scarcely be regarded as more than a desirable exception. In cases where an employer is personally popular with his men, and has the rare talent of making them feel at their ease in his company, and the still rarer talent of feeling at his ease in theirs, such association is highly to be commended. But without these special qualifications an employer's presence might only act as an irksome restraint on the men, and probably give them the impression that he distrusted the use they would make of their holiday if they had been left to dispose of it unassisted. Again, speaking of the establishment of reading-rooms, Dr. Blaikie says, "Lectures, illustrated if possible by diagrams, models, or experiments, readings from interesting books, interspersed with snatches of music, and

simple and harmless games, like chess, bagatelle, and draughts, add greatly to the attractions of such institutions, and fit them for coping more effectually, in the case of the less earnest class of people, with the public-house or the tavern." This is exactly the kind of thing, we take it, which a working-man, whether belonging to a more or a less earnest class, sees through most easily and dislikes most heartily. He is not a child, and he has no taste for being treated like a child. But what else than a child, we should like to know, would the man be who found attractions, permanent and engrossing enough to wean him from the public-house, in a magic-lantern and "snatches of music"? What is wanted for the working-man—what in many cases he wants for himself—is something which shall replace the tavern, without the drunkenness, and without the feeling that he is bound to take something because he is "using the house." If you want to "cope effectually" with the public-house, you must give men, not only the light and warmth and comfort to which they are there accustomed, but the freedom from restraint, the sense of being their own masters, and the enjoyment of their own society after their own fashion, and with their own amusements. Even in the matter of the "simple and harmless games," for instance, we would far rather see the adoption of a simple rule against playing for more than some very low stake than an entire prohibition of cards. The only safe basis for a workman's club is the one on which the clubs of the higher classes are conducted—perfect freedom of the members, subject only to the few obvious restrictions which are dictated by the general convenience. Although, however, we may not agree with Dr. Blaikie in points of detail, we heartily sympathize with the spirit in which his book is written, and we can recommend it as a convenient summary of the various attempts which have been made to improve the relations between masters and workmen. It would have been more useful if the author had been a little less indiscriminate in his praise, and had taken rather more pains to obtain the latest information on the subject.

KING ON PRECIOUS STONES AND GEMS.*

MR. KING, the well-known author of *Antique Gems* and *The Gnostics and their Remains*, has made this branch of the glyptic art his own proper subject. In this new volume, which is in some respects an amplification of the first section of his *Antique Gems*, he is more at home and is less likely to offend his readers' prejudices than in the book about the Gnostics, to parts of which, indeed, grave exceptions might be taken. Here we have unmixt pleasure in listening to the words of one who is an expert in his own line. Mr. King has collected a vast amount of new and quaint information about precious stones, gems, and metals, and the results of his out-of-the-way reading are given in a good style and in lucid order. The book, in fact, is arranged alphabetically according to the Latin names of the objects which he describes. And while it is thus very convenient for purposes of serious reference, we can also recommend these short treatises as being in the highest degree entertaining to the mere casual reader.

The method pursued by the author is, as he tells us, borrowed from that of Pliny and of the early restorers of mineralogy to the rank of a science. That is to say, he begins with the natural history of each species, "its chemical composition, its origin, place producing it, its varieties, distinctive characters, the counterfeits of it, and its ancient and present value." The most curious parts of this volume are certainly those in which the supposed magical or medicinal virtues of gems are considered. This is almost an untrodden field of research. Mr. King supplies in an appendix a very careful metrical version of the poem of Orpheus on stones, which he describes as the sole representative left of the "mystic lore of Chaldeæ." These superstitions, he declares, remained the established faith of the majority of people down to the days of our great grandfathers. The artistic value of celebrated jewels and gems is the next point considered in these descriptive essays, connected with which are inquiries into the exact weights and shapes of the more celebrated diamonds. Incidentally, Mr. King remarks, with considerable force, that the art of the gem-engraver is, after all, the only art that literally works for immortality. Some exquisite gems, well engraved by Utting, form a series of most interesting tailpieces to the several chapters of the work now before us.

The volume is prefaced by a very curious sketch of the few remains left to us of the Greek and Latin and mediæval literature that treated of gems and precious stones. In the latter division, the treatise of Mohammed Ben Mansur (translated into German by Von Hammer) is commended as being really systematic and scientific. This writer is said to anticipate by many centuries the true method of inquiry as to the specific gravity and the comparative hardness of precious stones, such as was followed by Haüy, Möhl, and other founders of modern mineralogy. Most of the rest despise science altogether, and deal exclusively with the supposed therapeutic or supernatural properties of gems—their efficacy against poisons, demons, or the forces of nature, and their value in alchemical and astrological pursuits. From the very nature of the book, consisting as it does of detached essays, it will be impossible to do more than mention a few of the most striking things that occur to us in its perusal.

* *The National History, Ancient and Modern, of Precious Stones and Gems, and of the Precious Metals.* By C. W. King, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Bell & Daldy. 1865.

Every one who has at all considered the subject of gems and precious stones must be aware of the great difficulty there often is in identifying them by the various names which they have borne in different times and places. Mr. King has done a great deal to fix our knowledge on this point, though even he is sometimes obliged to append to his names a hypothetical mark of interrogation. The first stone that comes under review is the Agate, *Achat*; and here we read that Marbodius, otherwise Marboef, Bishop of Rennes in the eleventh century, understanding Virgil's *fidus Achat* to mean an agate, ascribes the escapes of *Aeneas* from all his perils to the virtue of the talisman which he supposed him to carry on his person. The *Adamas* of Plato is shown to have been what we call a sapphire; but the Romans used this word for the diamond. Pliny, not without a sneer, gives the story that the diamond could not be broken unless it had been previously steeped in goat's blood; but, in point of fact, the gem being composed of infinitely thin layers, deposited one over the other in directions parallel to the faces of the original crystal, nothing is easier than to split a diamond by a blow from a knife in the direction of these laminations. Mr. King shows that the great distinction between antique and modern intaglios is this, that in the latter the finishing strokes are put in by a blunt drill charged with emery powder, producing the tame effect of a mechanical process, whereas the antique gem-engraver worked *libera manu* with a keen diamond-point in his burin when finishing the features, the hair, and the drapery of his figures. It is curious to read that the famous diamond mines of the Sierra do Frio, Brazil, are computed to have yielded already more than two tons weight of these precious stones. In his description of celebrated diamonds, Mr. King is loud in his regrets that the Koh-i-noor was allowed to be recut in Europe. "As a specimen of a monster diamond, whose native weight and form (186 carats) had been as little as possible diminished by art (for the grand object of the Hindoo lapidary is to preserve the weight), it was unrivalled in Europe." But now, in its stead, we have "a bad-shaped shallow brilliant, of but inferior water, and only 102½ carats weight." Here, perhaps, we may profitably give Mr. King's etymology of the word carat. It comes, he says, from *carapion*, a kind of vetch, the seeds of which are very uniform, and so were used by the Orientals for estimating the weight of small and very precious articles. The carat weighs 3½ grains Troy.

Passing over several articles, we come to *Calathura*, in which we find a very instructive account of the chased or repoussé work of the ancient goldsmiths. Examples of antique chasing are of course of extreme rarity. Mr. King describes the famous Corbridge *Lam*, at Alnwick Castle; and takes occasion to mention a well-known manufactory at Naples, from which are issued multitudes of pseudo-antiques, asserted to have been found at Pompeii or at Cumæ. Of these some specimens have found their way into national museums. Mediæval chasing has been better treated of by Labarte, for example, than in these pages. Under the head of *Aurum* Mr. King diverges into a discussion of standards of currency, and the like, treating the question ably and with stores of learning. Still more curious are his collections, under the title of *Batrachites* or *Toadstone*, as to the fabled properties of stones found in, or ejected by, toads and other living creatures. Many persons have wondered what might be the etymology of the word *loupe*, the French for a convex lens. Mr. King tells us that it comes from the Low Latin word *lupa*, meaning an unpolished precious stone. In Low Latin the word *beryllus* stands for a magnifying-glass, whence the German *Brille* for a pair of spectacles. It is probable that the magnifying properties of a convex lens were discovered accidentally from the observation of some transparent gem cut *en cabochon*. Nero is reported to have used an emerald as a lorgnette; and indeed the reason why the concave emerald was supposed to be beneficial to the eye was that the myopic sight was found to be practically aided by its use.

Every one knows that the derivation of the word *cameo* is a great puzzle to etymologists. We think that the author correctly explains it as coming, through the Latin form, *camahutum*, from "camea"—the Arabic for a talismanic engraved stone. Cameo is the Italian form of the word, which in French, and formerly in English, appears under the disguise of *camayieu*. Further on, while discoursing of the *Jaspis* of the ancients, Mr. King amuses himself with Virgil's unfortunate epithet, "*stellatus iaspide fulva*." He observes upon this, "He doubtless had read *χλωρα* in some original he was pilfering, and, not being versed in mineralogy, rendered it by *fulva* instead of *viridi*, which reminds us of Tennyson's use of the *Sardonyx* (evidently not having the least idea of the meaning of the name) when distressed for a rhyme:—

And the Maid-Mother on a crucifix,
Beneath branch-work of costly *Sardonyx*."

Nor is this, we may add, the only blunder in that couplet.

In a later article, under the head *Margarita*, our author tells us that owing to a recent change of fashion in Paris, which has brought rose-tinted pearls into vogue, an enormous development has been given to the Scottish pearl-fisheries in the Tay. We may be pardoned for quoting a receipt given by one Heracleus, in the seventh century, for a menstruum to soften glass so that it may be engraved upon. "Collect fat earthworms, as turned up by the plough, vinegar, and the hot blood out of a big he-goat fed on strengthening herbs; mix all together, and so anoint the bright shining bowl, and then engrave upon it with fragments of the hard stone called *Pyrites*." Discoursing about *Succinum* (i. e. gumstone), or amber, Mr. King remarks that it is clear, from the

fact of Nero's having called Poppæa's tresses amber-coloured, that that famous beauty was a blonde with auburn hair. This substance is still supposed, as of old, to have medical properties. Indeed, our author alleges that it is proved beyond the possibility of doubt, by repeated experiments, that an amber necklace will protect a person liable to erysipelas from attacks of that disease. "Its action here," he adds, "cannot be explained."

The translation of the poem of the Pseudo-Orpheus upon gems seems skilfully executed; but it was a great waste of labour to turn it into rhymed verse. From internal evidence Mr. King pronounces this composition to be the work of the author of the *Argonautica*; and he assigns to it a date previous to 135 B. C., in opposition to Tyrwhit, who considered it to be the work of some Asiatic Greek of the fourth century of our era. There can be no doubt that Mr. King's volume is one which will be of value, not only to the collectors of gems and rings, and the like, but to all who are interested in this branch of mineralogy.

A NOVEL AND A POEM.*

THERE is a large class of books whose existence excites our unfeigned wonder—books, namely, which are of an absolute and unqualified commonplace character. It is easy to see why an author should publish writings marked by positive faults. A man may easily mistake bombast for eloquence, or gross vulgarity for ease and smartness; a dwarf is just as fond of exhibiting himself as a giant; but the curious thing is that a man who is just about the average weight and size and height should offer himself as a show. The impulse which prompts men to the Tupperian style of poetry is profoundly unintelligible. How was it first revealed to the author that he had been talking poetry all his life without knowing it? What happy inspiration prompted him to enter his geese for competition with other people's swans? If his works had diverged, either for good or for bad, from the common pattern, we could have understood his mistake; a rare coin may be valuable, however ugly; but it is strange to mistake the halfpenny of domestic life for something of unusual worth. Though we cannot fully account for this curious vagary of human nature, it is of not unfrequent occurrence in early youth. It requires a very unusual stock of vanity to enable a man to deceive himself much beyond that age at which prize-poems are generally composed; but, until that date, a youth may be misled by his very modesty. He has a prodigious reverence for the trade of authorship; when he discovers by some accident that his words can be actually put into print, and that they read just like the phrases of other people, he thinks he has done something wonderful; he is like a boy who has drawn something which his friends understand to be meant for a man or a house, and who immediately concludes himself to be a great artist. This process is particularly easy for a poet; when a boy has coaxed two lines into rhyming, after the due number of feet, he considers that he has done something remarkable. In most cases this delusion disappears spontaneously after a short time, or is exploded by the benevolent criticism of friends. The youthful author discovers the profound sense of Dr. Johnson's judgment on a moderate entertainment:—"Sir, it was a good dinner, but it was not a dinner to ask a man to." His thoughts are, no doubt, excellent, but he finds that they are not worth putting into print. Occasionally, an author, endowed either with unusual vanity or unusual simplicity, retains his early propensity. In the first case, books are generated such as the *Proverbial Philosophy* or *Montgomery's Satan*. In the other, we have books like *Ugolino* or *Hope Deferred*. We must say that we very much prefer this last variety of the genus. There is a certain *naïveté* about the novel which makes it rather amusing than otherwise. We cannot say so much for the poems, for, in accordance with a recondite maxim, commonplace poetry must be reckoned amongst intolerable things.

It will be enough to say of the poetry that a good deal of it is of the cheerful nature suggested by the title of the first piece. *Ugolino* discourses at considerable length on the extremely disagreeable circumstances in which he is placed, finds time for writing a great number of verses on a wall with a rusty nail, and finally becomes confused in his metre, and even forgets to rhyme, in the agonies of starvation. We have two or three other poems of equally lively tendency. There is a benevolent old Jew, who curses his daughter, *Ernulfus* fashion, for marrying an Arab, in consequence of which her baby dies of thirst, and she and the Arab are finished off by the simoom of fiction. There is a gentleman who comes to life after being buried, and beats out his brains against a door of the crypt. Then there is a certain "Sir Desmond," whose adventures are somewhat confused. They end, however, by his finding his lady-love in London at the time of the plague. She takes the plague, and he goes mad, and jumps with her off London bridge, apparently, on the ground that there is "no foul infection" in the river—a doctrine which would certainly go far to convict him of madness at the present day. Besides this, there is an account of the conflagration of ladies in the cathedral of Santiago; a description of a wreck, where the crew are ultimately all eaten up by "slimy monsters, slow and stealthy," and by certain "dingy reptiles, clad in scaly mail, bright, horny-eyed, with long and lashing tail," who live down among the dead men and the submarine

* *Hope Deferred*. By Sybil, Author of "*Ugolino*." London: Newby. 1865.

Ugolino, and other Poems. By Sybil, Author of "*Hope Deferred*." London: Newby. 1865.

telegraph wires; a description of the massacre of the Mamelukes, who are reduced by degrees to "a dark, red, undistinguishable mass," and various other lively and refreshing subjects. Of the style in which the descriptions are written perhaps the following will be a sufficient specimen, containing an account of the discovery of the unfortunate gentleman in the crypt. On finding the coffin empty—

They shout (yet hope for no reply;—
He was no treat to find!)
And certes—tho' hard to reason why—
He was not wanted—who'll deny
'Twas "little less than kind."

Presently he is found in this condition:—

His head thrown back against the wall,
His teeth all grinning white;
His skull stove in—his fingers all
Fast clenched—"twere vain the wretch to call—
(We should think so!)

His soul had taken flight.

Turning from this cheerful production to the novel, there is, as we have said, a decided improvement. The extreme simplicity of the manner of telling the story is decidedly amusing, and the story, though gloomy, is not by any means so full of blood and bones as the poetry. The author indeed carefully informs us, in her preface, that "the following romance differs materially from a 'sensation novel' in the religious tone that pervades it"; and, after speaking with a becoming diffidence of its merits, she informs us of her hope that "its obviously worthy object may extenuate its literary defects." We are, therefore, prepared for a story without many events and with a good many judicious reflections. There is, it is true, a shipwreck in the first chapter, and the most prominent male character is chewed by a lion in the fourth. This process, however, singularly enough, leads to "no serious mischief," and the story is, for the rest of the book, free from any very startling incidents. The chief point of it is that the hero does not marry the heroine, being engaged to some one else before the opening of the novel. Their acquaintance leads to breaking off the previous engagement, but the heroine has far too much delicacy to take advantage of the change of circumstances. She is, however, turned out of house and home by a testy old uncle, for having produced the catastrophe. She thereupon becomes a governess, then a stewardess on an Atlantic steambot, and finally emigrates to the far West, where she lives with an English emigrant. The emigrant is a drunkard, and dies of *delirium tremens*, and such is the solitude of the region that she has to bury him with her own hands. The emigrant's wife dies of consumption directly afterwards, and the heroine buries her with her own hands. After this she starts with the emigrant's child on her back, and in a few miles, to our no small astonishment, meets a prosperous physician driving along the road in his carriage to visit his patients. This rather curious character in the Western wilderness takes her home, and she dies soon after of overwork. The other incidents of the story are marked by the same delightful simplicity, and fully justify the author's assertion of their originality.

The chief peculiarity of the book, however, is the quaint way in which the author turns to address the reader at intervals. She is great upon the folly of reading reviews instead of books. She lectures her female friends with much force on the iniquity of not knowing how to hold a baby. She points out, with more truth than originality, that "the character of a professed flirt is indeed an unworthy representative of her sex," and proves it by quoting a poem from *Ugolino*. In another passage, she becomes so eloquent in her description of the emigrant's wife as an "uncrowned hero" that, as she remarks, "for variety's sake," she describes the character in verse. Thus, if we don't get much genuine novel, we get a good deal of that sort of advice which is generally contained in tracts for young women. In fact, *Hope Deferred* may be described as a tract in two volumes; and, on the whole, we think it is better than it would have been without the tract-like matter. It is true that the novel is in itself almost childish, and that the reflections, taken by themselves, would be more pious than original. But the two are combined with a certain *naïveté* which makes the book (it is a very short one) rather amusing than otherwise. There is no reason why the author should not do better another time, but her present work, if it were not for the odd effect we have described, would be too uninteresting. It should not have been published, any more than the student's first rough sketch should be sent for exhibition to the Academy. But, as it is rather the simplicity than the vanity of the author which seems to be at fault, the book, if weak, is at least inoffensive.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS, Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, Every Evening at Eight. Last Week but One. Madlle. Carlotta Patti, Madlle. Krebs, Signor Botticelli, and Mr. Levy. On Monday next, a SPOHR NIGHT, when will be performed the Power of Sound Symphony, &c. On Thursday next, a Classical Night, Selections from the Works of Mozart and Mendelssohn. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, Miscellaneous Nights. Saturday, September 30, Last Night of the Concerts, and Benefit of Mr. Alfred Mellon.—Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. Admission, One Shilling.

STODARE.—ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIXTH REPRESENTATION—THEATRE OF MYSTERY, EGYPTIAN HALL.—MARVELS OF MAGIC AND VENTRILOQUISM, by Colonel STODARE. The Real Indian Basket Trick, and Instantaneous Growth of Flower-trees, as introduced, for the first time in this country, on Easter Monday, April 12, 1863, by Colonel Stodare, and only performed by him and the Indian Magicians. Every Evening at Eight (Saturdays included), also on Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons at Three. Stalls at Mitchell's, 35 Old Bond Street, and at the Box-office, Egyptian Hall. Admission, 1s., 2s., and 3s. "Almost miraculous."—*Vide Times*, April 13, 1863.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION for the PROMOTION of SOCIAL SCIENCE.—The NINTH ANNUAL MEETING will be held in Sheffield, from the 4th to the 11th of October next.

President—The Right Hon. Lord BROUGHAM.

Presidents of Departments:

- I.—Jurisprudence and Amendment of the Law. Sir Robert J. Phillimore, D.C.L., Her Majesty's Advocate-General.
 - II.—Education. The Very Rev. the Dean of Chichester. A Section of Art is added to this Department.
 - III.—Health. Edwin Lankester, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.
 - IV.—Economy and Trade, with a Section of Agriculture.
- Members' Subscription, One Guinea, entitling to admittance to the Annual Meeting, and to a Copy of the "Transactions." Associates' Tickets, 10s., admitting only to the Annual Meeting. Ladies may become either Members or Associates on the above terms. Societies and other Public Bodies may become Corporate Members on payment of Two Guineas, which will entitle them to be represented by Three Delegates, and to receive a Copy of the "Transactions."

Railway communication at much reduced Fares.

Every information concerning the Meeting may be had on Inquiry at the Office of the Association, 1 Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C., or at the Local Office, 46 High Street, Sheffield.

GEORGE W. HASTINGS, General Secretary.

ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES.
Director—Sir RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, K.C.B., F.R.S., &c.

During the Session 1865-6, which will commence on October 2, the following COURSES of LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:

1. Chemistry—By E. Frankland, F.R.S., &c.
2. Metallurgy—By John Percy, M.D., F.R.S.
3. Natural History—By T. H. Huxley, F.R.S.
4. Mineralogy—By Warrington W. Smyth, M.A., F.R.S.
5. Geology—By A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S.
6. Applied Mechanics—By Robert Willis, M.A., F.R.S.
7. Physics—By John Tyndall, F.R.S.

Instruction in Mechanical Drawing, by Rev. J. Haythorne Edgar, M.A.

The Fee for Students desirous of becoming Associates is £30 in one sum, on entrance, or two annual payments of £15, exclusive of the Laboratories.

Pupils are received in the Royal College of Chemistry (the Laboratory of the School), under the direction of Dr. Frankland, and in the Metallurgical Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. Percy.

Tickets to separate Courses of Lectures are issued at 2s and 2s 6d each.

Officers in the Queen's Service, Her Majesty's Consul, acting Mining Agents and Managers, may obtain Tickets at reduced prices.

Certificated Schoolmasters, Pupil Teachers, and others engaged in Education, are also admitted to the Lectures at reduced fees.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has granted Two Scholarships, and several others have also been established.

For a Prospectus and information apply at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—FACULTY of ARTS and LAWS. SESSION 1865-66.

The Session will commence on Monday, October 9. INTRODUCTORY LECTURE at Three p.m. by Mr. HAYTER LEWIS, F.S.A., F.L.B.A. Subject—"The Fine Arts and their Connection with Education."

CLASSES.

- Latin—Professor Sealey, M.A.
Greek—Professor Maclain.
Sanskrit—Professor Goldstickner.
Hebrew (Golden Professorship)—Professor Marks.
Arabic and Persian—Professor Ricci, Ph.D.
Hindustani—Professor Syed Abdoolah.
Hindu Law—Professor Gannendur Mohan Tagore.
Gujarati—Professor Daddahil Navroji.
Families. The English Language and Literature—Professor Mason, M.A.
French Language and Literature—Professor Caswell, M.L.D.
Italian Language and Literature—Professor De Villot.
German Language and Literature—Professor Holman, Ph.D.
Comparative Grammar—Professor Key, M.A., F.R.S.
Mathematics—Professor De Morgan.
Mathematical Physics—Professor Hirst, Ph.D., F.R.S.
Experimental Physics—Professor Foster, B.A.
Physiology—Professor Sharpey, L.L.D., M.D., F.R.S.
Chemistry and Practical Chemistry—Professor Williamson, F.R.S.
Civil Engineering—Professor Pole, F.R.S., M.I.C.E.
Architecture—Professor T. Hayter Lewis, F.S.A., F.I.R.A.
Geology (Golden Professorship)—Professor Morris, F.G.S.
Mineralogy—Professor Morris, F.G.S.
Drawing—Teacher Mr. Moore.
Botany—Professor Oliver, F.R.S.
Zoology (Recent and Fossil)—Professor Grant, M.D., F.R.S.
Philosophy of Mind and Logic—Professor the Rev. J. Hoppus, Ph.D., F.R.S.
Ancient and Modern History—Professor Beesly, M.A.
Political Economy—Professor Waley, M.A.
Law—Professor Russell, LL.D.
Jurisprudence—Professorship Vacant.
Public Reading and Speaking—Charles Furlado, Esq.

Evening Classes, by the Professors above named, of the respective Classes—viz. German, Italian, French, Greek, Practical Chemistry, and Zoology.

Residence of Students.—Some of the Professors receive Students to reside with them. In the Office of the College there is kept a Register of Persons who receive Boarders into their Homes. The Registrar will give information as to the terms and other particulars.

Information concerning Andrews' Entrance Exhibitions, Classics and Mathematics, three of £30, tenable for three years; Andrews' Prizes, Andrews' Scholarships, Jew's Commemoration

Scholarship, David Bevis Scholarship in Political Economy, and Joseph Hume Scholarship in Jurisprudence, and other Prizes, will be found in the Prospectus and Calendar of the College. These may be had on application at the Office of the College.

AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN, Dean.

CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—SESSION 1865 and 66.—A GENERAL INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be delivered by Mr. ORD, M.B., the Dean, on Monday, October 2, at 3 o'clock p.m., after which the DISTRIBUTION of PRIZES will take place.

Gentlemen have the option of paying £40 for the first year, a similar sum for the second, and £10 for each succeeding year; or £90 at one payment, as perpetual.

Medical Officers.

Dr. Barker, Dr. J. Rison Bennett, Dr. Goulden, Dr. Peacock, Dr. Bristowe, Dr. Barnes, Mr. Solly, Mr. Le Gros Clark, Mr. Simon, Dr. Clapton, Dr. Gervis, Mr. Sydney Jones, Mr. J. Croft, Mr. Whitfield.

Medicine—Dr. Peacock. Surgery—Mr. Le Gros Clark. Physiology—Dr. Bristowe and Mr. Ord. Descriptive Anatomy—Mr. Sydney Jones. Anatomy in the Dissection-Room—Mr. Rainey, Mr. J. Croft, and Mr. W. W. Wagstaff. Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, and Practical Chemistry—Dr. Albert J. Barnes. Midwifery—Dr. Barnes. General Pathology—Mr. Simon. Botany—Dr. J. Wale Hicks. Comparative Anatomy—Mr. Ord. Materia Medica—Dr. Clapton. Forensic Medicine—Dr. Stone. Demonstrations Morbid Anatomy—Dr. J. Wale Hicks. Microscopic Anatomy—Mr. Rainey. Pathological Chemistry—Dr. Thudichum. Dental Surgery—Mr. Elliott.

Students can reside with some of the Officers of the Hospital.

To enter, or to obtain Prospectuses, the Conditions of all the Prizes, and further Information apply to Mr. Whitfield, Medical Secretary, the Manor House, St. Thomas's Hospital, Newington, Surrey, S.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—WINTER SESSION.—The INTRODUCTORY LECTURE will be given by GEORGE D. POLLOCK, Esq., on Monday, October 2, at 3 p.m. Perpetual Pupil's Fee, £100; Compounder's, £50; Dental Pupil's, 44s.

FEMALE MEDICAL SOCIETY, for Promoting the proper Education and Employment of superior Women in the Practice of Midwifery, and the Treatment of the Diseases of Women and Children.

THE SECOND SESSION of the LADIES' MEDICAL COLLEGE will be opened with an Introductory Address by Dr. EDMUNDS, at Three o'clock, on Monday, October 2, at the Hanover Square Rooms.

Lecturer on Midwifery, and the Diseases of Women and Children, E. W. MURRAY, Esq., M.D. This Course will take about the same range as the Courses delivered by Dr. MURRAY as Professor at University College, and will consist of Eighty Lectures.

Lecturer on General Medical Science, JAMES EDWARDS, Esq., M.D. This Course will comprise the Outline of Anatomy and Physiology of Diseases with its Causation, Results, and Treatment, and the Principles of Hygiene and Preventive Medicine. It will consist of about Fifty Lectures, and is designed as a Supplement for the direct Lectures by Dr. MURRAY, as an introduction to more detailed Medical Study, and as an Educational Course which will be useful to Ladies who may not intend to qualify themselves for the responsibilities of actual practice, but whose position or whose philanthropy concerns them with the spread of Sanitary Science, and with the prevention and cure of Disease.

About Twenty Ladies have already commenced studying under the auspices of the Society and the College itself will in time become self-supporting; but, meanwhile, Funds are urgently required to establish a Museum and Library of Reference, in order that these Ladies may prosecute their studies with the same advantage as students of the other sex. The preliminary expenses of Advertising, Printing, &c., are also large, and the Committee appeal with confidence for additional assistance in the promotion of a work which will rectify a grave social anomaly, and, at the same time, provide a desirable and lucrative employment for a new and needy class of Gentlemen.

Further information at 4 Fitzroy Square, or in reply to Stamped Address.

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Rev. F. G. Maurice, M.A.
Rev. M. Meyrick, A.K.C.
Rev. E. H. Plumptre, M.A.
W. Cave Thomas,
Henry Warren,
Gottlieb Weil, Ph.D.

The CLASSES of this College, conducted by the Professors and their Assistants, will open on Thursday, October 4. Individual instruction in Vocal Music is given by Mr. George Benson, and in Instrumental Music by Messrs. Dorrell, John Jay, and O. May; and Misses Green, C. Green, Sawyer, and Baguley; with periodical Examinations by Dr. Stenale Bennett. Conversation Classes, in French, German, and Italian, will be formed on the entry of six Names. Boarders are received by Mrs. George Boote, at 68 Harley Street, and by Mrs. Bovell, at 31 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W.
For Prospectuses, with full particulars as to Subjects, Fees, Scholarships, &c., apply to Mrs. Williams, Assistant-Secretary, at the College Office.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, 67 and 68 Harley Street, W.

Lady Superintendent—Miss HAY.

Assistant—Miss WALKER.

The CLASSES of the School intended for GIRLS between the ages of Five and Thirteen will open on Thursday, September 28.
The Pupils are taught by Ladies, with periodical Examinations by Professors.
For Prospectuses, with full particulars, apply to Mrs. Williams, Assistant-Secretary, at the College Office.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

HYDE PARK COLLEGE for LADIES, 115 Gloucester Terrace,

Hyde Park.

The Junior Term begins September 16.
The Senior Term, November 1.

Prospectuses, containing Terms and Names of Professors, may be had on application.

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TONBRIDGE SCHOOL—Mr. BERNCASTEL, Assistant-Master, has opened a BOARDING-HOUSE for a Limited Number of PUPILS.—For particulars apply to the above, Tonbridge.

FRANCE.—EDUCATION.—FRENCH PROTESTANT

INSTITUTION for finishing the Education of YOUNG LADIES, conducted by Madlle. AULAGNIER and Madlle. SNACKLETON, successors to Madlle. CROZAT, at Dieppe. Madlle. AULAGNIER and Madlle. SNACKLETON have had, for many years past, a great part in the Management of the Establishment during Madlle. CROZAT's occupancy, with the assistance of eminent Professors; and since that period they have much pleasure in stating that their exertions to promote the welfare of their Pupils, and their advancement in religious and secular studies, have been crowned with success.

Madlle. SNACKLETON has the honour to inform the Heads of Families that she is now in London, where she will remain until October 15, at which period she will return to Dieppe with her Pupils, and will be happy to take charge of any other Young Ladies that may be confided to her care. The highest references can be given, and Prospectuses forwarded on application.—For particulars, address, Madlle. SNACKLETON, Mont. Aulagnier's, 25 Bedford Street, Strand, London.

EDUCATION—Mayence on the Rhine.—Professor KÖLSCH, of the Government School, receives in his House a Limited Number of PUPILS for Private Tuition, in addition to the Classes in the Public School, thus combining a Home with all the Higher Branches of Instruction. Dr. KÖLSCH, the distinguished pupil of Leibniz, is Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. Professor Kölsch is well acquainted with English. Two Vacancies in September.—Apply to HOWARD PADDOUS, Esq., 37 Essex Street, Strand.

EDUCATION in the SOUTH of FRANCE—A CLERGYMAN (M.A. Oxford), who has had great Experience in Tuition, passes the Winter Months at Mentone, Alpes Maritimes, and will take with him, in October, a Limited Number of PUPILS. The highest references and testimonials.—Address, the Rev. S. H., Messrs. Rivington's, 3 Waterloo Place, S.W.

ST. LEONARD'S-ON-SEA—A Married CLERGYMAN (Cambridge Graduate, 1st Class Poll. 1860), residing at St. Leonard's, offers a comfortable Home to a few PUPILS, whom he would carefully prepare, either for the Public Schools, the Universities, or their respective Vocations in active life. Terms, 100 Guineas per annum, inclusive.—Address, Adress, Alexandra Villa, St. Leonard's-on-Sea.

SAINT GERMAIN-EN-LAYE, near Paris, France.—The ancient Residence of the Archbishops of Paris, situated in this healthy and beautiful locality, has been converted into an Establishment for superior Private Education, authorized by a special decree of His Excellency the Minister of Public Instruction, and connected with the Academy of Paris, under the denomination of "Ecole de Saint Germain-en-Laye." The object in view is to provide English Pupils with the means of acquiring the French Language practically as well as theoretically, in France, without interrupting the Studies required for Examinations in their own country. The regular Course of Instruction comprises the Greek, Latin, French, English, and German Languages, Mathematics (Arithmetic, Algebra, Euclid, Trigonometry, Conic Sections, Differential and Integral Calculus), Natural Sciences (Chemistry, Mechanics, Experimental Physics), History, Geography, Vocal Music, Drawing, Fencing, and Gymnastics. Special Classes for Pupils entering the Army, the Navy, the Civil Service, the Universities, or High Mercantile Pursuits. The Director is assisted by a competent Staff of Masters, all Graduates of the Paris or German Universities, and all thoroughly acquainted with the Three Modern Languages. The Religious Instruction, &c., of the English Pupils is entrusted to the Incumbent of the English Church at St. Germain-en-Laye. The next Term will commence September 25.—For Prospectuses and References apply to the Principal, Professor DR. BRANDT, 80 Rue de Poissy, St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris, France.

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE, WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and THE LINE—Mr. WREN, M.A., Christ's College, Cambridge, assisted by the best Masters, receives TWELVE RESIDENT PUPILS. Moderate terms. References to Parents of successful Pupils. Three Vacancies.—Wiltshire House, 8, John's Road, Brixton.

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INDIA CIVIL SERVICE—CANDIDATES are Prepared at the Civil Service Hall, 12 Prince's Square, Baywater, W.—Prospectuses, &c. on application to the Principal, A. D. BRANSON, M.A.

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A CLERGYMAN, residing near Schaffhausen, Switzerland, whose Wife has for many years been Directress of a School in Germany, as well as Governess in England, wishes to receive into his House a few YOUNG LADIES, to be educated carefully with his own Daughters. They will receive sound instruction in Music, French, Drawing, and particularly German, which is spoken purely in the house, as the comforts of a Family life. Terms, £40 per annum. References.—Rev. F. J. Baywater, Harrogate, Yorkshire; C. E. GILES, Esq., 33 Westco. Park, London.

A CLERGYMAN, residing in a pleasant part of West of England, where the Services of the Church are fully carried out, receive to prepare for the University, Navy, and Universities. Reference to Parents of Pupils.—Address, Rev. D. B. & W., Post-Office, Fulham Road, S.W.

ETON FOUNDATION, and PREPARATION GENERALLY for that or other PUBLIC SCHOOL.—A CLERGYMAN, who now Three successive years has had PUPILS placed on the Eton Election Indenture, has One or Two Vacancies for Boarders.—Address, Rev. W. KEATINGE, 29 Carlton Hill East, St. John's Wood, London, N.W.

OXFORD EXAMINATIONS—The Rev. JAMES RUMSEY, M.A., Pembroke College, Oxford, Rector of Llandough, near Cowbridge, Glamorgan, still prepares a few PUPILS for the University Examinations and for Matriculation.—Address, Llandough Rectory, Cowbridge.

CLAPHAM COMMON—The PROFESSORS from the Royal Academy and Queen's College will resume their CLASSES for YOUNG LADIES, at Mrs. GILL'S, 17 Cedar Road, Clapham Common, on Monday, September 25. Mrs. MARSHALL'S CLASSES for DANCING and CALISTHENICS will meet on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 10 and 11.

A PUPIL wanted for Three, Four, or Five Years, by an ARCHITECT with good Country Practice, residing in a Cathedral City. Premium moderate.—Address, M. T. B. A., care of Rev. H. Sorbie, The Precincts, Rochester.

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